



POEMS



BY THE AUTHOR OF
CHRONICLES OF THE
SCHÖNBERG COTTA FAMILY



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THE WOMEN OF THE GOSPELS,
THE THREE WAKINGS, AND OTHER VERSES.



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THE
WOMEN OF THE GOSPELS,
THE THREE WAKINGS,
AND OTHER VERSES.

By the Author of

"CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

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Introduction.

ROBINS AND THEIR SONGS.

ROBIN to the bare bough clinging,
What can this blithe music mean?
Like a hidden fount, thy singing
Seems to clothe the woods with green.

Rest nor roof from cold nor danger
Here rewards thy faithful stay ;
Sing'st thou, little homeless stranger,
For the crumbs we strewed to-day ?

Other birds have fled this dun light,
Soaring on to regions bright,
Singing in the richest sunlight,
Singing 'neath the starry night ;

Hiding in the broad-leafed shadows
Of the southern woods at noon,

Filling all the flower-starred meadows
With the melodies of June.

Knowest thou the woods have voices,
Which like light the heart unfold,
Till it trembles and rejoices,
Growing deep that joy to hold;

Pouring music like a river,
Many-toned and deep and strong,—
Tones by which, like childhood's, quiver
Thy few notes of simple song.

Then the "crimson-tippèd" thing,
Like a daisy among birds,
With a quiet glee did sing
Songs condensèd thus in words:—

"Well I know the joyous mazes
Of the songs so full and fine :
Very faint would be God's praises
Sounded by no voice but mine.

"Yet the little child's sweet laughter
Wakes it no responsive smile,—
Though the poet singeth after,
And the angels all the while?

“What I sing I cannot measure,
Why I sing I cannot say;
But I know a well of pleasure
Springeth in my heart all day.”

So I learned that crumbs are able
Lowly hearts to fill with song,—
Crumbs from off a festal table
Lowly hearts will join ere long.

He who winter days hath given,
With the snows gives snow-drops birth;
And while angels sing in heaven,
God hears robins sing on earth.

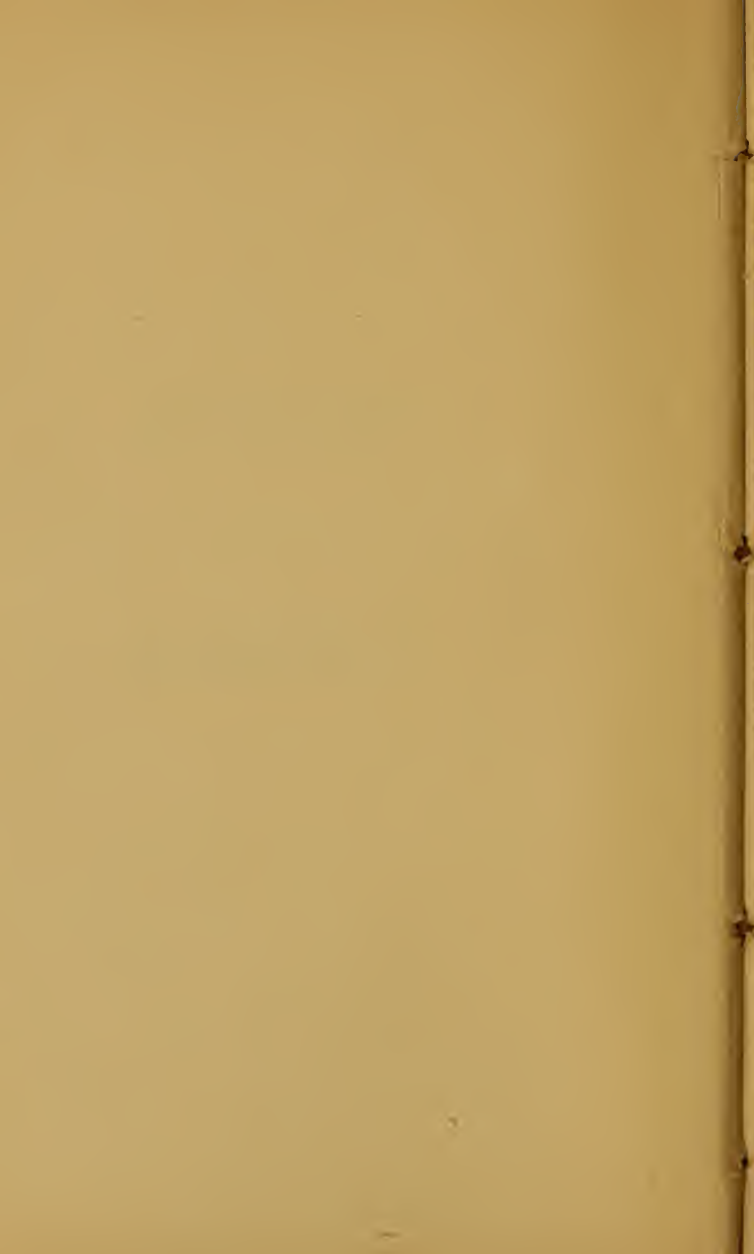
Only keep thee on the wing,
Music dieth in the dust;
Nothing that but creeps can sing,
All hearts that soar heavenward must.





THE WOMEN OF THE GOSPELS.







MINISTRY.

“The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister ”



SINCE service is the highest lot,
And all are in one Body bound,
In all the world the place is not
Which may not with this bliss be crowned.

The sufferer on the bed of pain
Need not be laid aside from this,
But for each kindness gives again
“The joy of doing kindnesses.”

The poorest may enrich this feast;
Not one lives only to receive,
But renders through the hands of Christ
Richer returns than man can give.

The little child in trustful glee,
With love and gladness brimming o'er,
Many a cup of ministry
May for the weary veteran pour.

The lonely glory of a throne
May yet this lowly joy preserve ;
Love may make that a stepping-stone,
And raise "I reign" into "I serve."

This, by the ministries of prayer,
The loneliest life with blessings crowds,
Can consecrate each petty care,
Make angels' ladders out of clouds.

Nor serve we only when we gird
Our hearts for special ministry ;
That creature best has ministered
Which is what it was meant to be.

Birds by being glad their Maker bless,
By simply shining sun and star ;
And we, whose law is love, serve less
By what we do than what we are.

Since service is the highest lot,
And angels know no higher bliss,
Then with what good her cup is fraught
Who was created but for this !



MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

I.

“ All generations shall call me blessed.”



AGE after age has called thee bless'd,
Yet none have fathomed all thy bliss;
Mothers, who read the secret best,
Or angels,—yet its depths must miss.

To dwell at home with Him for years,
And prove His filial love thine own;
In all a mother's tender cares
To serve thy Saviour in thy Son!

To see before thee day by day
That perfect life expand and shine,
And learn by sight, as angels may,
All that is holy and Divine!

Well may we heap thy blessing up
From age to age, from land to land,

Since Christ Himself that brimming cup
Gives to the lowliest Christian's hand,

The measure of a blessedness

Yet by that measure unexpress'd ;
Sealing the mother's joy with " Yes,"

The Christian's, with His "*rather bless'd.*"



II.

THE MARRIAGE AT CANA.

“Yea, rather, blessed are they who hear the word of God, and keep it.”



NOT for thyself thy motherhood,
Not for thy home that life-stream springs;
For thee then, too, the higher good
Must come through death of lower things.

The village home so sweet to thee
With joys so hallowed and complete,
For Him no Father's House could be,
No limit for thy Saviour's feet.

The will long meekly bowed to thine
Now calmly claims its sovereign place,
And takes a range of love Divine
Thy mortal vision cannot trace.

On us that mild reproof falls cold,—
The words, and not the tone, we hear;

On thee, who knewest Him of old,
It casts no shade of doubt or fear.

For thy meek heart has read Him true,
And, bowing, wins His "*rather bless'd,*"
"*Whate'er He saith unto you, do,*"
Embracing as its rule and rest.

Then through earth's ruins heaven shines bright:
The widest sphere, the dearest home,
Save that where Christ is Lord and Light,
Were but at last the spirit's tomb.

Thus, laying down thy special bliss,
Thou winnest joy, all joy above,—
The endless joy of being His,
And sharing in His works of love.



III.

THE MARRIAGE AT CANA.



THE Hand that strews the earth with flowers
Enriched the marriage feast with wine;
The Hand once pierced for sins of ours
This morning made the dew-drops shine;

Makes rain-clouds palaces of art,
Makes ice-drops beauteous as they freeze;
The Heart that bled to save,—that Heart
Sends countless gifts each day to please;

Spares no minute refining touch
To paint the flower, to crown the feast,
Deeming no sacrifice too much,—
Has care and leisure for the least;

Gives freely of its very best,
Not barely what the need may be,
But for the joy of making blest.—
Teach us to love and give like Thee'


Not narrowly men's claims to measure,
But question daily all our powers:
To whose cup can we add a pleasure?
Whose path can we make bright with flowers?



IV.

THE CROSS.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother."

HE strongest light casts deepest shade,
The dearest love makes dreariest loss ;
And she His birth so blest had made
Stood by Him dying on the cross.

Yet, since not grief but joy shall last,
The day and not the night abide,
And all time's shadows, earthward cast,
Are lights upon the "other side ;"

Through what long bliss that shall not fail,
That darkest hour shall brighten on !
Better than any angel's "*Hail !*"
The memory of "*Behold thy son !*"

Blest in thy lowly heart to store
The homagé paid at Bethlehem,

But far more blessèd evermore

Thus to have shared the taunts and shame ;

Thus with thy pierced heart to have stood

'Mid mocking crowds, and owned Him thine ;

True through a world's ingratitude,

And owned in death by lips Divine.



V.

THE CROWN.



THOU shalt be crowned, O mother blest !

Our hearts behold thee crowned e'en now ;
The crown of motherhood, earth's best,
O'ershadowing thy maiden brow.

Thou shalt be crowned ! More fragrant bays
Than ever poet's brows entwine,
For thine immortal hymn of praise,
First Singer of the Church, are thine.

Thou shalt be crowned ! All earth and heaven
Thy coronation pomp shall see ;
The Hand by which thy crown is given
Shall be no stranger's hand to thee.


Thou shalt be crowned ! But not a queen ;
A better triumph ends thy strife :
Heaven's bridal raiment, white and clean,
The victor's crown of fadeless life.

Thou shalt be crowned ! But not alone,
No lonely pomp shall weigh thee down ;
Crowned with the myriads round His throne,
And casting at His feet thy crown.



MARY MAGDALENE.

I.

ER home lay by that inland sea
Which sacred memories so embalm :
That Magdala and Galilee
Ring like the music of a psalm.

Deep in the lake the far hills glow,
Clear shine each peak and golden spire,
And Hermon lifts his brow of snow
Unsullied to that sky of fire.

From point to point gleamed cities white,
Full of the joyous stir of life,
And o'er the waves boats bounded light ;
All was with eager movement rife.

Fresh streams across Gennesaret danced,
Laughing with corn and countless fruits,
And met the quiet waves which glanced
Bathing the oleander roots.

Yet many a calm recess for prayer
Those hills enshrined which circling stood,
Wild steeps which to men's homes brought near
The sanctity of solitude.

But vainly, round her and beneath
Earth poured her wealth, as evermore
Flows Jordan to the Sea of Death,
And leaves it bitter as before.



II.

"Out of whom He cast seven devils."



O phantoms thus her soul assailed,
It was no vision of the night,
No dim unreal mist, that veiled
The glad reality of light ;

No discord of sweet strings unstrung
A skilful touch might tune again,
No jar of nerves too tightly wrung,
No shadows of an o'erwrought brain ;

But din of mocking voices rude,
Spirits whose touches left a stain,
Owning no shrine of solitude
Their blasphemies might not profane :

Real as the earth she, hopeless, trod,
Real as the heaven they had lost,
Real as the soul they kept from God,
From torture still to torture tossed.

Thus sleep to her could bring no calm,
No stillness dwelt for her in night ;
And human love could yield no balm,
And home no deep and pure delight ;

Till light upon that chaos broke,—
Not from unconscious azure skies,—
The morning that her spirit woke
Beamed from the depths of human eyes.

No thunder, with God's vengeance dread,
Scattered that company of hell ;
It was a Voice from which they fled,
A Voice they knew before they fell.

Once more she was alone and free,
And silence all her soul possessed ;
As the "great calm" the storm-tossed sea
When the same voice commanded rest.

Such solitude a heaven might make,
Such silence had for bliss sufficed ;
What was it, then, from hell to wake,
And wake beneath the smile of Christ !

III.

“And certain women, which had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities,
Mary, called Magdalene, which ministered unto Him of their
substance.”



HE suffered her with Him to stay,—
This crowning joy was not denied,—
To hear His voice from day to day,
And tread this earth still by His side :

Where, with a diadem of snow,
The white-walled cities crowned the rocks,
Or peasants' dwellings far below,
Couched round the fountains like their flocks.

She saw the expressive glance of sight
The dulness of blind eyes replace ;
When learning first the joy of light,
For the first sight they saw His face.

She heard the first clear accents pour
From dumb lips, uttering His name ;

She saw men's homes from shore to shore
Break into sunshine where He came.

She saw the long possessed set free,
She knew the anguish and the bliss ;
She saw the baffled Pharisee,
And felt, " Man never spake like this."

She heard reluctant fiends confess
The Godhead they had fain denied ;
She saw the little children press
With fearless fondness to His side.

She saw the speechless joy that day
Light up the widow's face at Nain ;
She never saw one sent away,
She never heard one plead in vain.

She saw Him faint and wearied sore,
And toil those gracious eyes bedim,
Thirsting and hungered, homeless, poor,—
She saw and ministered to Him.

She saw His brow its light regain,
And strength reknit each wearied limb,
All to be spent for man again ;—
A woman's service succoured Him !

And are those days for ever o'er ?
Must earth be of that joy bereft ?—
The sights and sounds are here no more,
And yet the very best is left.


Still may we follow in His way,
And tread this earth as by His side ;
May see Him work from day to day,
As in His presence we abide :

See Him shed light on darkened eyes,
The bowed and fettered heart set free ;
May succour, serve, and sacrifice,
And hear from heaven His “unto Me.”



IV.

DURABLE RICHES.

HE meanest creature of His care
Finds some soft nest to greet it made,
The hunted beast has yet its lair ;—
He had not where to lay His head.

And scarce a little child that dies
But has its treasured things to share ;
Its little store of legacies
Love hoards thenceforth with sacred care.

He left no treasure to divide ;
E'en the poor garments which He wore
Were shared by strangers ere He died,
For their own worth, and nothing more.

Yet when the first disciples trod
Vineyards and fields of other men,
Pilgrims beside the Son of God,
Had royal grants enriched them then

Or when, on His ascension day,
They stood once more on Olivet,
And town and village 'neath them lay,
Gems in their vines and olives set,—

Nor vines or olives, house or lands,
They owned those hills or valleys o'er,
Yet, when Christ lifted up His hands
And bless'd them, were those Christians poor?

If of that world which is His own,
Where every knee to Him shall bow,
Some special acres each had won,
Had they been richer then, or *now*?



V.

“The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre.”



HE Sabbath that could bring no rest,
The weary day at length had fled :
What Sabbath could again be blest
Since He who promised rest was dead ?

The guilty world was hushed in gloom,
Night on its sleeping millions lay
Like the “great stone” upon His tomb—
What if it never rolled away !

But o’er her path there fell a shade
No darkness from her heart could hide :—
The tomb in which the Lord was laid
Was near the cross on which He died.

Beneath that cross she stood again :
The tortured form no more she saw ;
His murderers were religious men,
Nor dropped one letter of the law :

His cry of agony might smite
Strange discord through their measured prayer;
And who, when death those lips made white,
Could silence the reproaches there?


Thus Earth among the spheres moved on,
And calmly kept her ordered course,
Bearing the cross of God the Son,
And in her heart His lifeless corpse:

Nor yet was blotted out of space,
Nor yet the brand of Cain doth bear;
Because, through His surpassing grace,
That cross pleads not "Avenge," but "Spare."



VI.

"They have taken away my Lord."

"Y Lord," though dead, yet still "my Lord:"
Prophet through love's tenacity,
Powerless to hope, she yet adored,
And felt the truth she could not see.

If He who in Himself had shone
All that God is, all man may be,
Living the truth else guessed by none,
Through years of patient ministry ;

He from Whom life and peace she drew,
Whom she had followed day by day,
And worshipped more, the more she knew,
Could fade to cold unconscious clay ;

If that pure life of perfect love,
Extinguished, never more should beam,
What joy could endless days above
Bring ever more, not bringing Him ?

What were those angel-forms to her,
Their radiant forms and raiment white,
If dead within a sepulchre
He lay, Himself the Life and Light?

Thus when the bridge of faith was rent,
Which could have firmly spanned the gulf,
Love prostrate o'er the chasm leant,
And bridged the dark abyss herself.



VII.

‘Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself and saith unto Him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.’”



MOMENT since, a sepulchre

Was all the world she cared to own,
An empty tomb, vain balms and myrrh,
Tears with no heart to shed them on.

And now the living Lord was there,
Immortal, glorious, yet the same ;
The voice the fiends once fled in fear
Now spoke the old familiar name.

No language could that bliss have told,
She had no words the joy to greet ;
She said but “ Master ! ” as of old,
And rested silent at His feet.

Yet all heaven’s choirs could scarcely twine
A music more profound and sweet
Than when, as from His heart to thine,
Thus “ Mary ! ” and “ Rabboni ! ” meet.

VIII.

"Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen."



TELL all the world the Lord is risen—

The Easter message, ever new ;

The grave is but a ruined prison, —

Invincible, the Life breaks through.

Earth cannot long ensepulchre

In her dark depths the tiniest seed ;

When life begins to throb and stir,

The bands of death are weak indeed.

No clods its upward course deter,

Calmly it makes its path to day ;

One germ of life is mightier

Than a whole universe of clay.

Yet not one leaf-blade ever stirred,

Bursting earth's wintry dungeons dim,

But lived at His creative word,

Responsive to the life in Him.

Since, then, the life that He bestows
Thus triumphs over death and earth ;
What power of earth or death can close
The Fountain whence all life has birth ?

And, as the least up-springing grain
Breathes still the resurrection song,
That light the victory shall gain,
That death is weak, and life is strong ;

So, with immortal vigour rife,
The lowliest life that faith has freed
Bears witness still that Christ is life,
And that the Life is risen indeed.



SALOME.

“She saith unto Him, Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on Thy right hand, and the other on the left, in Thy kingdom. But Jesus answered and said, Ye know not what ye ask.”



HE knew not what for them she sought,
At His right hand and left to sit ;
How great the glory, passing thought,
How rough the path that led to it.

They knew not what of Him they asked,
But He their deeper sense distilled ;
Gently the selfish wish unmasked,
But all the prayer of love fulfilled.

Pride sought to lift herself on high,
And heard but of the bitter cup ;
Love would but to her Lord be nigh,
And won her measure full, heaped up :

With vision of His glory blest,
Stood on the mountain by His side,


Leaned at the supper on His breast,
 Stood close beneath Him when He died.

One brother shared His cup of woe,
 The second of His martyr-band ;
One, by His glory smitten low,
 Rose at the touch of His right hand.

Thus, when by earth's cross lights perplexed,
 We crave the thing that should not be,
God, reading right our erring text,
 Gives what we would ask, could we see.



THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

HY miracles are no state splendours,
Whose pomps Thy daily works excel ;
The rock which breaks the stream, but
renders
Its constant current audible ;

The power which startles us in thunders
Works ever silently in light ;
And mightier than these special wonders,
The wonders daily in our sight ;

Rents in the veils Thy works that fold,
They let the inner light shine through ;
The rent is new, the light is old,
Eternal, never ever new.

And therefore, when Thy touch arrests
The bearers of that bier at Nain,
Warm on unnumbered hearts it rests,
Though yet their dead live not again.

And Thy compassionate "Weep not !"

On this our tearful earth once heard,
For every age with comfort fraught,
Tells how Thy heart is ever stirred.

Nature repeats the tale each year,

She feels Thy touch through countless springs,
And, rising from her wintry bier,
Throws off her grave-clothes, lives and sings.

And when Thy touch through earth shall thrill,

This bier whereon our race is laid,
And, for the first time standing still,
The long procession of the dead

At Thy "Arise !" shall wake from clay,

Young, deathless, freed from every stain ;
When Thy "Weep not !" shall wipe away
Tears that shall never come again ;

When the strong chains of death are burst,

And lips long dumb begin to speak,
What name will each then utter first ?—
What music shall that silence break ?

THE SYROPHENICIAN.

“Great is thy faith.”



CONTENT, she takes the lowest place.

He knows what strain her faith will
bear ;

Low in the valleys flows His grace,
He does but gently lead her there.

Then in the depths to her He comes,
And meets her nothing with His all.
Creation lives upon the crumbs
Which from that Master's table fall ;

But thou, O faith, not thus art fed !
For thee the heavenly homes are built ;
Thy portion is the children's bread,
And “ *Be it to thee as thou wilt.* ”

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

I.

“ When He had heard, therefore, that he was sick, He abode two days still in the same place where He was.”



HAT hope lit up those sisters' gloom,
When first they sent His help to
crave,

So sure that, hearing, He would come,
And, coming, could not fail to save !

Counting the distance o'er again,
Deeming Him near and yet more near ;
Till hope, on heights she climbed in vain,
Lay frozen to a death-like fear :

Watching with twofold strain intent
The expected steps, the failing breath,
Till hope and fear, together spent,
Sank in the common blank of death.

“ Beyond this burning waste of hills,
Beyond that awful glittering sea,

'Mid those blue mountains lingering still,
Have our faint prayers not reached to Thee?

“Or are the joys and griefs of earth
To Thee, whose eyes survey the whole,
But passing things of little worth,
That should not deeply stir the soul?”

His tears ere long shall hush that fear
For every mourning heart for ever;
And we, who now His words can hear
Beyond the hills, beyond the river,

Know that as true a watch He kept
On those far heights, as at their side,
Feeling the tears the sisters wept,
Marking the hour the brother died.

No faintest sigh His heart can miss;
E'en now His feet are on the way,
With richest counter-weight of bliss
Heaped up for every hour's delay;

That nevermore should hope deferred
Make sick the heart which trusts in Him,
But, nourished by His faithful Word,
Grow brighter still as sight grows dim.

II.

"She hath done what she could. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."



MARY, the only glory sweet
To any Christian's heart is thine !
Hidden beside the Master's feet,
Lost in that dearer light to shine ;

Whilst evermore the heart obeys
The sermon of thy listening looks,
Learning religion from thy gaze
Better than from a thousand books.

Thy silence is His sweetest psalm,
While from His lips thy name distils,
And, dropping like thy precious balm,
Ever His house with fragrance fills.



III.

“Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.”



HAT joy to live beneath the eyes
Which looked the spirit “through and
through,”

Which penetrated each disguise,
And would not let us be untrue ;

Yet through the thickest veil descried
The little spring of good below,
And pierced the icy crust of pride,
That happy, humble tears might flow ;

Rending each soft disguise, which spares
The evil thing by gentle name,—
For sinners founts of pitying tears,
But for the sin unquenchèd flame ;

That saw the very spot within
On which to lay the healing touch ;

That had no pity for the sin,
Because for those who sinned so much ;

That marked through Peter's boast his dread,
Yet, by his curses unperplexed,
Looked through them to the light, and read
The traces of the earlier text ;

Beneath the black "*I know Him not*,"
"*Thou know'st I love Thee*" still could trace,
In graven characters inwrought,
No darkest stains could quite efface ;


That knew, through all vibrations fixed,
The true direction of the will,—
Saw self with Martha's service mixed,
And love in Mary's sitting still.

Those eyes still watch us, not from far,
Still pitying "look us through and through,"
And through the broken sketch we are,
Foresee the heavenly likeness true ;

Through all its soft and silken dress
The creature of the dust descry,
Yet 'neath the shapeless chrysalis
The Psyche moulding for the sky.

THE UNNAMED WOMEN.

I.

 HE hand that might have drawn aside
The veil, which from unloving sight
Those shrinking forms avails to hide,
With tender care has wrapped it tight.

He would not have the sullied name
Once fondly spoken in a home,
A mark for strangers' righteous blame,
Branded through every age to come.

And thus we only speak of them
As those on whom His mercies meet,—
"She whom the Lord would not condemn,"
And "She who bathed with tears His feet."

Trusted to no evangelist,
First heard where sins no more defile,
Read from the Book of Life by Christ,
And consecrated by His smile.

II.

"And stood at His feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash His feet with tears."



HE bathed His feet with many a tear,
Feet wearied then for us so oft ;
She wiped them with her flowing hair,
Embalmed with reverent touches soft.

She knew not of the bitter way
Those sacred feet had yet to tread,
Nor how the nails would pierce one day
Where now her costly balms were shed.

She read the pity in His eyes,
To peace transmuting her despair ;
She could not read what agonies
Must cloud the heaven she gazed on there.


He praised her love, her sacrifice,
But breathed not what His own must be,
Nor hinted what must be the price
Which made her pardon flow so free.

Then if her love and gifts were such,
Who little knew the depths of His ;
If then indeed she "*loved*" Him "*much*,"
How, since she knows Him as He is ?



III.

“ He turned to the woman.”

“  *He turned to her.*” All eyes beside,—
All other eyes of righteous men,—
Avoided hers with virtuous pride,
Nor could she meet their gaze again.

Nor could she deem their coldness wrong ;
That virtue of the Pharisee,
Only in its negations strong,
Ceasing to freeze might cease to be.

And human virtues can but be
As tender flowers a touch may kill,
Scorched if winds breathe too fervently,
Nipped if they chance to blow too chill.

But His were of another sphere
That never stain nor change could know,
No earth-born flowers, however fair,
But the pure light which made them grow ;

No ice pure only till it melt,
But streams most fresh in freest flow ;
The living love, whose pureness dwelt
Not in its coldness but its glow.



IV.

"She hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. . . . This woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. . . . Hath anointed my feet with ointment. . . . She loved much."



He prized her love, He held it dear,
He felt each ministering touch,
He marked each gift she offered there,
He cared that she should love Him "*much*."

His pity was no careless alms
The happy to the wretched fling;
He prized her love, her tears, her balms,
Then life was yet a precious thing;

Precious the love He held of price,
Precious each moment which might bring
Some privilege of sacrifice,
Some vase to break in offering.

And God gives evermore like this,
Gives by His measure, not by ours;


By life means not mere *being*, but *bliss*,
Free exercise of joyful powers.

The freedom with which He makes free
Is freedom of His home above ;
Not merely liberty to *be*,
But liberty to serve and love.



V.

"Thy sins are forgiven thee."

" ORGIVENESS may then yet be mine,
The sinless lips have said '*Forgiven* ;'
Pardon is then a right Divine,
And love indeed the law of heaven.

" But can the sullied snow grow white ?
What spell can seal the memory fast ?
What has been ever must *have been*,
The Almighty cannot change the past.

" His eyes, though piercing as the light,
In pity may refuse to see ;
But what can make my memory white ?
What veil can hide myself from me ?"

Oh ! raise thy downcast eyes to His,
And read the blessed secret there ;
The pardoning love from guilt that frees,
By loving thee shall make thee fair.

Love's deepest depth of saving woe
Has yet to be to thee revealed ;
Blood from that tender heart must flow,
And thus thy bitter streams be healed.

Thy guilt and shame on Him must lie :
Then search the past thy guilt to see ;
Instead, this sight shall meet thine eye,—
Thy Saviour on the cross for thee !



VI.

"Go in peace."



E clothes thy soul in spotless dress,
In bridal raiment white and clean,
The spirit's bridal robe of peace,
Sign of the inward grace unseen.

The love that sweeps thy spirit o'er,
Effacing every stain of sin,
Flows through thy spirit evermore,
A well of heavenly life within.

Thus, hallowed names, forgotten long,
Familiar names which once were thine,
With all the old attraction strong,
Embrace thy soul from lips Divine.

Soft from a Father's house above
Floats down on thee the name of child,
From love beyond the mother's love
Which on thy guiltless childhood smiled.

And when the age its circuit ends,
And the great marriage-day is there,
And from the heavens a Bride descends,
Thou, clothed in white, the bliss shalt share.



THE TWO ALABASTER BOXES.

I.

“A woman in the city, which was a sinner, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and anointed His feet.”

“Being in Bethany, there came a woman, having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box, and poured it on His head.”



WHEN Thou, in patient ministry,
Didst pass a stranger through Thy land,
Two costly gifts were offered Thee,
And each was from a woman's hand.

To Thee, who madest all things fair,
Twice fair and precious things they bring;—
Pure sculptured alabaster clear,
Perfumes for earth's anointed King.

Man's hasty lips would both reprove,—
One for the stain of too much sin,
One for the waste of too much love;
Yet both availed Thy smile to win.

The saint who listened at Thy feet,
The sinner sinners scorned to touch,
Adoring in Thy presence meet,
Both pardoned and both loving much.

Thus evermore to all they teach,
Man's highest style is "much forgiven;"
And that earth's lowest yet may reach
The highest ministries of heaven.

They teach that gifts of costliest price
From hearts sin beggared yet may pour;
And that love's costliest sacrifice
Is worth the love, and nothing more.



II.



LOVE is the true economist,
Her weights and measures pass in heaven ;
What others lavish on the feast,
She to the Lord Himself hath given.

Love is the true economist,
She through all else to Him hath sped,
And unproved His feet hath kissed,
And spent her ointments on His head.

Love is the true economist.
She breaks the box, and gives her all ;
Yet not one precious drop is missed,
Since on His head and feet they fall.

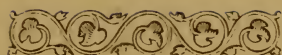
In all her fervent zeal no haste,
She at His feet sits glad and calm :
In all her lavish gifts no waste,
The broken vase but frees the balm.

Love is the truest providence,
Since beyond time her gold is good ;
Stamped for man's mean "*three hundred pence,*"
With Christ's "*She hath done what she could.*"

Love is the best economist
In what she sows and what she reaps ;
She lavishes her all on Christ,
And in His all her being steep.

1858.





THE THREE WAKINGS.





THE THREE WAKINGS.

Among the ancient Laplanders magic was an hereditary art. There were, however, some magicians of a higher character, to whom, in three supernatural sicknesses or trances—one in childhood, one in youth, and one in manhood—the spirits themselves taught the secrets of the invisible world. These were honoured by the whole nation as seers.—*Mone. Geschichte des Heidenthums.*

ARGUMENT.—The poet-child plays on the margin of the River of Life. There the First Trance overpowers him. He awakens from it to the wonderful beauty of the universe. The magic boat bears him away from the broad stream of life to the regions of fancy. There the Second Trance overshadows him. In it he is aroused to the sense of duty and the necessity of work. He girds himself for the strife. In the flush of the triumph which succeeds it, he is overcome by the Third Trance. In it are revealed to him the grace of God, redemption, and the free service of love.

I.



ESIDE the ancient river

The infant poet played,
The grave old rocks above him
Laughed at the mirth he made.

The boat that bore him thither
Lay idle on the shore,

His pearly boat that fast could float
Without or sail or oar.

The fresh young leaves on the hoar old trees
Quivered and fluttered in glee,
And the merry rills from the mighty hills
Shouted as loud as he.

The birds poured joyous welcomes,
For they deemed him one of them ;
And the snowdrop laughed in her quiet joy,
Till she shook on her delicate stem.

Broad is that ancient river,
And its depths no sailor knows ;
It comes from a place no foot can trace,
'Mid the clouds and the ancient snows ;

And on its breast is bounding
Many a gallant bark ;—
(Do they know that at last o'er a chasm vast
It leaps into the dark ?)

But to the child its waters
Were his playmates glad and sweet,
Chasing each other merrily
To bathe his snowy feet ;

The starry hosts above him
Were the flowers of the sky,
Too high, perhaps, to gather,
But too beautiful to die ;

The world with all its wonders,
Its heavens and its sea,
Was his play-room, full of playmates,
Each one as glad as he.

But as he laughed and gambolled
Strange languor o'er him stole ;
His eyes grew dim, and faint each limb,
And dark the sunny soul,

Till the green earth in pity
Folded him to her breast,
And birds and waves and breezes
Lulled him to quiet rest.

II.

Sweet Spring the earth was treading
When he broke that magic trance,

Rose from the ground, and gazed around
With a new and rapturous glance.

Had the bright earth and heavens
Expanded as he slept,
That such a tide of light and joy
Around his senses swept ?

Not a leaf nor a wing could quiver—
Not a breeze the waters moved,
But it thrilled through sense and spirit,
Like the voice of one beloved.

The sun in his robes of glory
From his depths of light on high,—
Each lowly flower from its dewy bower,—
Beamed like a loving eye.

He sate at the feet of Nature
In love and wonder meek ;
Had he then learned to listen,
Or had she learned to speak ?

The world was a royal palace,
And no stranger guest was he ;
As the silvery fish in the silvery brook
Leaps in its wanton glee,—

As the lark in the air and sunshine
When the early mists are curled,—
His spirit bathed and revelled
In the beauty of the world.

He sought not his joy to utter,
He was content to *see* ;
It was enough to listen—
It was enough to *be* !

He had rejoiced for ever
In this Eden to abide,
But the pearly boat began to float
Languidly down the tide.

He left the ancient river
Where the great navies lay,
And glided up a quiet stream
From the din and strife away.

The waves its prow disparted
Made music as it went,
Like lyres and lutes and silvery flutes,
In sweet confusion blent ;

Till they came through a rocky portal
Roofed with many a gem,

(But one of the countless number
Had graced a diadem);

Into a world of wonders,
Where reigned nor sun nor moon,
But a magic light as still as night,
And warm as the softest noon.

Onward and onward gliding
By those shores of wondrous things,
'Mid the murmur of dreamy voices,
And the waving of viewless wings ;

Beneath Aladdin's palace,
Where the gems lay thick as flowers,
And the languid day trickled away
Like the fountain 'midst leafy bowers ;

Amidst the tangled woodland,
Where, in the chequered glade,
With wild but tuneful laughter,
The fairy people played ;

Beneath the cliffs he glided,
And the unclouded sky,
Where the stately Attic temple
Reared its white shafts on high ;

And kingly men and women,
The brave and wise and strong,
Earth's loftiest and sweetest souls,
Lived and made life a song ;

Beneath the Northern forest,
Where the thunderbolts were made,
And spirits and gods and mighty men
Met in the mystic shade.

And the hero and the poet
Smiled brotherly on him ;
But again that languid slumber
Crept over soul and limb.

The weight of a first sorrow
Lay heavy on his breath,
And the fair world was shadowed o'er
With a darkness as of death.

And he longed for familiar voices
And the light of the common day,
And the common air on his fevered brow,
And the fields of his childish play.

Till by a lonely islet
The vessel moored at last,

And he stept on the bank, and languidly sank
'Mid the graves of the great that were past.

* * * *

III.

He woke. The world of faëry,
With soft and gorgeous light,
Was dissolved and gone, and he lay alone,
Beneath the solemn night ;

Beneath the hosts of heaven
In their grand reality ;
'Mid the shadowy glooms of many tombs,
On the shores of a heaving sea.

A suit of polished armour
Lay glittering by his side ;
Breastplate and casque and girdle,
And a sword of temper tried.

Furrows of inward conflict
On his brow were dented deep ;
And he woke to a steadfast purpose
From the night of that awful sleep ;

For a strange and solemn Visitant
Beside his couch had been,
Clad in the old prophetic garb,
And stern with the prophet's mien.

“What dost thou here?” she murmured;
“What *is* outshines what *seems*;
Earth has no room for idlers;
Life has no time for dreams.

“Seest thou nought of suffering?
Knowest thou nought of sin?
Hast thou not heard the groans without,
Or felt the sting within?

“Thy brethren die in prisons,—
Thy brethren toil in chains;
The body is racked by hunger,
And the heart has sharper pains.

“Gray heads 'neath the weight of labour
Are sinking into the grave,
And tender hearts are growing hard
For the want of a hand to save.

“Thousands of men, thy brethren,
Are perishing around;

And thou pourest out thy cup of life
Upon the barren ground.

“Rise, gird thee for true labour ;
Rise, arm thee for the fight.
Go forth to earth’s old battle-field ;
Strike boldly for the right !

“Rise, cast thy dreamings from thee ;
Rise, clothed with vigour new ;
This fallen earth is no place for mirth ;
Arise, go forth and *do* !”

A thrill of fervent purpose
Through all his nature ran,
And from that sleep of visions deep
The Boy awoke a Man.

He trod with a steadfast aspect
Through beauty and weal and ill,
And his eyes were lit and his frame was knit
By the strength of a fixèd will.

And the sun to his strong purpose
Was but the lamp of life,—
The abounding earth, in her beauty and mirth,
But the field of the mortal strife.

Where the nations lay cold and torpid,
 'Neath ages of wrong and shame,
With the patience of love the poet toiled
 Till life to the stiff limbs came.

In the thick of the ancient battle,
 Where the strong bear down the weak,
With the flaming swords of living words,
 He fought for the poor and meek.

Wherever were wrongs to be righted,
 Or sick to be soothed and upheld ;
Or a generous deed lay hidden,
 Or a generous purpose quelled ;

Or a noble heart lay sinking,
 For the want of a cheering word ;—
The music of his earnest voice
 Above the din was heard.

Till the sneer of scorn was silenced,
 And the tongue of envy hushed,
And a tumult of wild, exulting praise
 Throughout the nations rushed.

And they hailed him King and Hero,
 And hastened his steps to greet ;

And they crowned him with a golden crown,
And bowed beneath his feet.

But yet once more the shadow
Over his soul was thrown,
And he on the height of his human might
Lay desolate and lone ;

Till, in his helpless anguish,
His spirit turned on high,
And he called on the God of his childhood
With a loud and bitter cry :

“ O God, they call me Hero,
And bow the reverent knee,
But I am not God, nor a godlike man,
That thus they kneel to me.

“ They call me Lord and Master ;
They call me just and good ;
And I cannot stay my failing breath,
Nor do the things I would.

“ They cry on me for succour,
But in me is no might to save ;
They hail me as one immortal,
And I sink into the grave.

“Thou—only Thou—art Holy ;
With Thee, with Thee, is might ;
O stay me with Thy love and strength,
O clothe me with Thy light !”

IV.

It was no spell of slumber
Which came upon him then,
No fitful gleams of a land of dreams
Which burst on his dazzled ken :

But he stood upon the borders
Of the land which we see afar,
Where earth's firmest ground dissolves away,
And men see things as they are.

He saw a young child standing
In a famine-stricken land,
Entrusted with a bounteous store,
The gifts of a gracious hand.

He saw it scatter its treasures
In idle and thankless waste ;
And when from its idlesse startled,
It gave away the rest.

And the grateful people hastened
To garland its guilty head,—
It took the homage as its due,
Then cried like the rest for bread.

And stung with shame and anguish,
He cried, "It is I ; it is I ;
Father, forgive, forgive my sin !"
And he cried with a bitter cry.

That cry reached the heart of the Father :
Once more he looked on high,
And in the depths of heaven,—
In the calm of the upper sky,—

He saw 'midst the sea of glory,—
A glory surpassing bright,
One crowned with a Crown of Inheritance,
Clad in unborrowed light.

He saw Him leave the glory,
And lay aside the crown,
And to that land of famine
Come, touched with pity, down ;

And gird Himself for service,
And minister to all ;

No service was for Him too mean,
No care of love too small.

But men paid Him no homage,
They crowned Him with no crown ;
And the dying bed they made for Him
Was not a bed of down.

What more then met his vision
Falls dimly on mortal ears ;
The angels were mute with wonder,
And the poet with grateful tears.

The rebel will was broken,
The captive heart was free,—
“O Lord of all, who servedst all,
Let me Thy servant be !”

He woke ; once more he found him
In the home where he played a child ;
His mother held his feverish hand,
His sisters wept and smiled.

He loved them more than ever,
With a pure and fervent love ;
He loved God's sun and earth and skies,
Though his home lay far above.

His poet's crown lay near him
Fused to a golden cup ;
It would carry water for parchèd lips,
So he thankfully took it up.

He went in the strength of dependence
To tread where his Master trod,
To gather and knit together
The family of God :

Awhile as a heaven-born stranger
To pass through this world of sin,
With a heart diffusing the balm of peace
From the place of peace within :

With a conscience freed from burdens,
And a heart set free from care,
To minister to every one
Always and everywhere.

No more on the heights of glory
A lonely man he stood ;
Around him gathered tenderly
A lowly brotherhood.

They spent their lives for others,
Yet the world knew them not :

It had not known their Master,——
And they sought no higher lot.

But the angels of heaven knew them,
And He knew them who died and rose ;
And the poet knew that the lowest place
Was that which the Highest chose.

1849.





SONGS AND HYMNS





THE GOLDEN AGE IN THE PRESENT.



WHY sigh we for the times of yore,
The "good old times" that come no more?
The oldest day was once to-day ;
Each hour wore in its settled place
As every day a garb and face
As those which glide from us away.

Nature grows never old :
On every dawning soul she dawns anew,
And grows and ripens with their growth ;
Only to spirits which have lost their youth,
The heart of love and sense sincere and true,
Her living forms seem cold.

Sigh not for ancient days with poetry rife,
To poets is the poetic age not fled :
Go let the dead inter their dead,
For to the living there is always life,
Nature has still fresh founts of art
To pour into the artist's heart ;

To eyes fresh bathed in morning dew,
The Golden Age shines ever new.
Do ocean billows foam less gladly now,
 Than when the sea-nymphs danced upon the
 wave ?
Curl they less proudly 'neath the swift ship's prow,
 Upheaving from the coral cave ?
Sing they a song less syren sweet,
At noontide bathing weary feet,
 Languidly smiling,
 Softly beguiling,
 Like lips that faintly move,
 Murmuring words of love ?
Do forest streams less freshly well,
Dewing with green the grassy dell,
Giving the thirsty flowers to drink,
Filling their starry eyes with joy,
Shedding cool fragrance on the air,
Than when the wood-nymphs sported there ?
Or does the waterfall's robe, silver-pale,
 Wave in the breeze less lightly
Than when the Naiad's moonlit veil
 Gleamed through the dark trees brightly ?
Has evening a less golden sheen ?
 Has morning a less rosy glow ?
Are noon-day's arrowy rays less keen
 Than when Apollo strung the bow ?

And when at morn in spring
The sun with kisses wakes the earth,
And sun-born showers of golden rain
With floods of melody pour forth—
Say, are not light and music one again?

Sigh not the old heroic ages back,
The heroes were but brave and earnest men;
Do thou but hero-like pursue thy track,—
Striving, not sighing, brings them back again!
The hero's path is straight, to do and say
God's words and works in spite of toil and shame:
Labours enough will meet thee in thy way,
So thou forsak'st it not to seek for them.
Canst thou no wrong with courage patient bear,
Strength to none weaker than thyself impart?
O seek from Him who died the hero's heart,
And the heroic age for thee is there.

Sigh not for simple days of old,
The child-like days of love and trust;
There never was an age of gold,
And faith makes gold of all earth's dust.
The Church's youthful strength grows never gray,
Herself a fadeless youth amid the world's decay.
Canst thou not love? has earth no room
For all thy heart would give,

With all the blessed depths of home,
 And myriad hearts that weep and strive ?
Are there no desolate and poor
To nourish from thy store ?
No songs of joy and glowing praise
Thy voice might help to raise ?
No heart long left alone
 Till it grew stiff and chill ;
 Thy voice might waken with a thrill
Of love, long, long unknown ?
Is earth too small to hold
 The yearnings of thy love ?
 Is there not heaven above
As near thee as of old ?
Does He who came at Pentecost
 His presence now withhold,
That the first works should e'er be lost,
 Or the first love grow cold ?
Oh, fill thy heart with God, and thou shalt prove
That there is left enough to trust and love !

For what is time past but to-day,
 Mirrored in still pools peacefully ;
The future but the same to-day,
 Reflected in a heaving sea ?
Only the present hour has life,
The home of work, the field of strife.

Choose not thy bride among the dead,
But press the Present to thy breast ;
In her, thy soul shall find its bread,
Thy mind its sphere, thy heart its rest :
Till God shall speak another " Let there be,"
And time, like darkness before light, shall flee
Before the Now of His eternity.

1849



THE ALPINE GENTIAN.



HE 'mid ice mountains vast
Long had lain sleeping,
When she looked forth at last,
Timidly peeping.

Trembling she gazed around,
All round her slept ;
O'er the dead icy ground
Cold shadows crept.

Wide fields of silent snow,
Still, frozen seas—
What could her young life do
'Mid such as these ?

Not a voice came to her,
Not a warm breath ;
What hope lay there for her
Living 'midst death ?

Mournfully pondering
Gazed she on high ;
White clouds were wandering
Through the blue sky.

There smiled the kindly sun,
Gentle beams kissed her ;
On her the mild moon shone
Like a saint sister.

There twinkled many a star,
Danced in sweet mirth ;
The warm heavens seemed nearer far
Than the cold earth.

So she gazed steadfastly
Loving on high ;
Till she grew heavenly,
Blue as the sky.

And the cold icicles
Near which she grew,
Thawed in her skyey bells
Fed her with dew.

And the tired traveller
Gazing abroad,

Fixing his eyes on her,
Thinketh of God ;

Thinks how, 'mid life's cold snow,
Hearts to God given
Breathe out where'er they go
Summer and heaven.

1849.



THE FORGET-ME-NOT.



HE dwelt in the greenwood,
A spring gushing near,
No fairy queen could
Queenlier fare.

Bees knew her caskets ;
Bold friars gray
Filling their baskets,—
“For the convent,” said they.

Butterfly vagrants
Gossiped there long ;
Winds brought her fragrance,
Birds brought her song.

Leaves rustling o’er her
Let the light through ;
The blithe stream would pour her
Draughts of sweet dew.

O'er her so clearly
The warm heavens smiled ;
They all loved her dearly,
The forest's fair child.

Thus passed her childhood
Dreamily by,
By the fount in the wild wood,
'Neath the blue sky.

The kind sun above her,
Stream, bird, and wind,
She knew not they loved her,
Knew they were kind.

Till one day gazing
In the fount pure and cold,
A vision amazing
She saw there unfold.

A blue eye soft beaming
Met her blue eye,
A golden star gleaming,
A miniature sky.

Calm the waves under
The fair vision lay ;

Lost in sweet wonder,
She gazed there all day :

Saw not the heaven,
Heard not the breeze,
Till the soft even
Shadowed the trees.

The stars still were shining,
But they seemed far,
While she lay pining
For her lost star.

The gentle leaves rustling,
The night-winds' soft stir,
Seemed harsh and bustling,
Strange voices to her.

Not heaven's smile moved her,
Nor the stream's old kind tone ;
'Mid so many that loved her,
She wept there alone :

Till, the shadows dispersing,
The Sun rose anew,
The high forest piercing,
Pierced her heart through.

Her dewy eyes raising,
He met them and smiled,
The eye of heaven gazing
On her, heaven's child.

For the lost dream was given
The Truth brighter far,
The blue loving heaven,
The Sun for the star.

Then all voices moved her :
The trees grave and tall,
The deep sky above her,
The blithe insects small,
She loved them each one,
For they all loved the Sun,
And the Sun loved them all.



ON THE GRAVE OF A FAITHFUL DOG.



THREE trees which stand apart upon
A sunny slope of meadow ground,
A shadow from the heat at noon,—
And underneath a grassy mound.

A little silent grassy mound :—
And is this all is left of thee,
Whose feet would o'er the meadow bound,
So full of eager life and glee ?

Of "thee ?" and may I say e'en this
Of what so wholly passed away ?
Or can such trust and tenderness
Be crushed entirely into clay ?

The voice whose welcomes were so glad,
Feet pattering like summer showers,

The dark eyes which would look so sad
If gathering tears were dimming ours ;

Those wistful, dark, inquiring eyes,
So fond and watchful, deep and true,
That made the thought so often rise—
What looks those crystal windows through?

Didst thou not watch for hours our track,
And for the absent seem to pine ?
And when the well-known voice came back,
What ecstasy could equal thine ?

Is it all lost in nothingness,
Such gladness, love, and hope, and trust,
Such busy thought our thoughts to guess,
All trampled into common dust ?

Save memories which our hearts entwine,
Has all for ever passed away,
Like the dear home once thine and mine,
The home now silent as thy clay ?

Or is there something yet to come,
From all our science still concealed,
About the patient creatures dumb
A secret yet to be revealed ?

A happy secret still behind,
Yet for the mute creation stored,
Which suffers, though it never sinned,
And loves and toils without reward.

1853.



A JOURNEY ON THE SOUTH-DEVON
RAILWAY.



HE young oak casts its delicate shadow
Over the still and emerald meadow ;
The sheep are cropping the fresh spring
grass,

And never raise their heads as we pass ;
The cattle are taking their noon-day rest,
And chewing the cud with a lazy zest,
Or bathing their feet in the reedy pool
Switch their tails in the shadows cool ;
But away, away, we may not stay,
Panting and puffing, and snorting and starting,
And shrieking and crying, and madly flying,
On and on, there's a race to be run and a goal to
be won ere the set of the sun.

Two white clouds are poised on high,
Sunning their wings in the azure sky ;
Two white swans float to and fro
Languidly in the stream below ;

As it sleeps beneath a beechwood tall,
Clouds, and swans, and trees, and all,
Image themselves in the quiet stream,
Passing their lives in a sunny dream ;
 But away, away, we may not stay,
 Panting and puffing, and snorting and starting,
 And shrieking and crying, and madly flying,
On and on, there's a race to be run and a goal to
 be won ere the set of the sun.

Under the tall cliffs, green and deep
The ocean rests in its mid-day sleep ;
The waves are heaving lazily
 Where the purple sea-weeds float ;
Sunbeams cross on the distant sea,
 Specked by the sail of the fisher's boat ;
 But away, away, we may not stay,
 Panting and puffing, and snorting and
 starting,
 And shrieking and crying, and madly flying,
On and on, there's a race to be run and a goal to
 be won ere the set of the sun.

Into the deep dell's still retreat,
Where the river rushes beneath our feet,
Skirting the base of moorland hills,
By the side of rocky rills,

Where the wild-bird bathes and plumes its wing,
Where the fields are fresh with the breath of spring,
Where the earth is hushed in her noon-day prayer,
No place so secret but we come there.

On nature's mid-day sleep we break,
And ere miles away ere her echoes wake ;
We startle the wood-nymphs in their play,
And ere they can hide are away, away !

Away, away, we may not stay,
Panting and puffing, and snorting and starting,
And shrieking and crying, and madly flying,
On and on, there's a race to be run and a goal to
be won ere the set of the sun.



ITALY.



TALIA! a thousand eyes rest eagerly on thee—

A thousand hearts beat freer in the
thought that thou art free ;
Because thou hast no common name, and thy
dwelling is on high,
And folded in thy fate the fates of many nations lie.

Time set a royal signet indelibly on thee,
And as the lot of common men thy lot can
never be.

Three kingdoms have been thine by turns, three
sceptres graced thy hand,
Three times the mighty ones of earth have bowed
to thy command !

When from thy cold and languid grasp the World's
wide sceptre glides,
One moment thou seem'st lost amid the fierce
barbaric tides;

When curbed, as if by magic, back from thy throne
they roll,
And thou risest 'mid the tempest calm, Empress of
the soul.

Then when half Europe roused her might, and rent
her from thy sway,
And for a space, as in a trance, thy passive image
lay,
A fragrant breath of Beauty and of Melody
divine,
Floated around thee sleeping, as around a saintly
shrine.

And for the throne of Empires they throned thee
Queen of Art,
For the homage of the knee they gave the worship
of the heart;
Godlike Art and godlike Nature, circling thee with
magic powers,
For a dead crown of gold entwined a living crown
of flowers.

“Widow of nations” shall no more be written on
thy land,—
Mother of heroes! girt about with thy true-hearted
band!

As the maiden in the northern tale started from
slumbers deep,
Aroused by the kiss of Freedom, thou hast burst
thy spell of sleep;

And the ruins of thy glory are no more that glory's
tomb,
For o'er the ruins bound the feet of a new and
nobler Rome.
O'er the fountain of the past a morning radiance flits;
By the brink of its still waters a living spirit sits.

No more the dead leaves float there in the gray
autumnal glooms,
No more the death-wind stirs it with echoes from
the tombs;
For a mighty hand has rolled away the stone from
off its brink,
And living beings come once more of its quick'ning
waves to drink.

Then, nerved with all the vigour of the old heroic life,
Go forth with tempered courage to the ancient Field
of strife:
Not the old barbaric battles, where swords clashed
fierce with swords,
Nor the jar of vain polemics and the clang of hollow
words;

But to the spirit-combat, with the arms of Work
and Thought,
Where, on the widest battle-field, the oldest fight is
fought;
Meeting ignorance with patience, and tyranny with
light,
And wrong and falsehood with the force of wisdom
and of right.

So speed thee to thy lofty work, heroic, calm, and
free,
That the tyrant and the scoffer may learn with
shame from thee
That Freedom is no empty boast, no prate for boys
at school,
No ladder by which those who serve may climb
on high to rule;

But a field for holy labours, and a gate for heavenly
light,
Freedom to utter truth, do good, and help the
wronged to right;
And they who still pine hopelessly in paralyzing
thrall,
May learn of thee how well 'tis worth to venture
all for all.

MAY SONG.



ALL the world is up and stirring,
Birds are warbling, insects whirring,
Striving in harmonious strife
Which can catch and drink the more
Of the crystal fount of life
Which around is bubbling o'er.

For May came by upon a day
When the Earth, spell-bound in sleep,
Like the Sleeping Beauty lay,
Sunk in magic slumbers deep ;
Came and kissed her marble cheek,
And the icy spell was broken :
Words which ages could not speak
In this burst of life are spoken ;
And the Palace, still so long,
Breaks into a flood of song.

Air around and skies above
Seem one flood of life and love ;

Every flower and leaf a sense,
Drinking life and rapture thence:
Nature all one glorious Psalm,
 We all nerve responsive thrilling;
She a tree of Gilead's balm,
 Into weary hearts distilling;
She all light and melody,
We all sense to hear and see.

With a fresh and happy sound
 Forth the infant river wells,
Striking on the pebbles round
 Merry peals of fairy bells;
Leaping up in showers of spray,
 Parts the pure uncoloured light
 'Into many a threadlet bright;
 Broidering its garments white,
Flashing gems from every ray.
Perfumes fresh and soft and clear
Sail along the limpid air;
Birds are singing, fish are springing,
Grass is growing, water flowing,
All the world awake and stirring:
And shall I be idly hearing,
While my heart thus glows with
 love,
And my soul o'erflows with life,

And my spirit yearns to prove
She could bravely strive her strife?
Music only in my heart;
Lord, give me some choral part!
Give this lisping heart a word—
Word that may be felt and heard;
I would rise and praise thee too—
Lord, let me go forth and do!

Then an answer silver clear
Fell upon my inward ear:—
“Hush, impatient heart, be still;
Restless waters break the light,
Shivering faith’s deep mystery
Into fancy’s prisms bright;
Breaking that by which we see
To a show for vulgar sight.
See that deep blue violet flower
Bend the quickening waters o’er;
Eagerly they sparkle up,
Dropping in her open cup,
While she in her quiet eye
Drinks the colours of the sky.
Such the faithful heart should be,
Feeding on Nature silently,
Drinking her spring-tide light and song;
That holy food shall make it strong—

On earth a heavenly star to shine,
True mirror of the life divine.
So thy life shall be a voice,
 Speaking words best heard above,
Bidding weary souls rejoice,
 Waking palsied hearts to love."

May 1846.



THE NORTHERN SPRING.



IGHTY Thor has gone to battle
With the giants of the Frost ;
In his god-like strength contending,
Single-handed, 'gainst a host.

Heard ye not the clash and clamour,
Wind with wind in deadly strife ;
Battle-cries and roar of conflicts,
Where the Dark Ones fought for life ?

Heard ye not the great Miölner
Thundering o'er the din of war ;
Striking lightning from the storm-cloud ?—
Dreadful in his wrath is Thor !

Then the strong ones fled in terror,
Henceforth fear we not their worst ;
For their giant strength is broken,
And their icy chains are burst.

Joy to all ! great Thor hath triumphed ;
Victory and light are won ;
And the victor doffs his armour,
Girding robes of triumph on.

Hail him in the joy of triumph,
Gazing in his love and pride
Where, in trembling mists infolded,
Beams his own enfranchised bride !

And the streams his blows unfettered,
Greet him with the dance and song :
Beautiful is Thor in triumph,
As in battle he is strong.

* * * *

Beautiful art thou, O Nature !
Glorious art thou, O Sun !
Many are the names we call you,
Yet the homage is but one.

Hearts o'erflowing into worship,
With the sense that ye are fraught
With a Presence and a Purpose
Passing human word or thought ;

Thinking of the Hand that made you,
Makes and keeps you so divine ;

Every stone becomes an altar,
Every blade of grass a shrine ;

Worlds of art in every insect,
Miracles in every clod :
For beyond man's master-pieces
Is the simplest work of God.

1846.



THE THREE TRANCES.

LEGEND OF A NORTHERN SEER.



WAS a glad and sunny child,
And in the fount of life
Which, gushing from its hidden cave
In many a clear and sparkling wave,
Each with sweet music rife,
Wells in the morning sunlight up
E'en to its stony brim,
Dropping into each flowery cup
That trembles on the rim,
Thence trickling through the long soft grass
That springs up green where'er it pass,
(E'en from the stones it lives among
Ringing a clear and hearty song,
Each joyous chime and merry burst
As fresh and glad as 'twere the first),
I bathed, and quenched my healthy thirst,
Until my heart grew wild.

I bounded o'er the bounding turf,
I shouted to the shouting surf,
 I laughed with the merry streams ;
My playmates were the birds and bees,
The noisy wind, the whispering breeze,
 And changeful summer gleams.

And in the still and sultry hours,
 When Nature drooped and was sad,
 Weary with thirst and heat,
 The tread of my light feet
 Was cool and musical,
 As when, at evening, fall
Drop by drop in lonely pools the summer
 showers,
 And the desert looked up and was glad.
I strove with the maddened storm,
 I leapt the crag with the waterfall ;
For the blood in my veins was warm,
 And storms, and streams, and gleams,
 and all
The mighty creatures of the wild,
 In their fierce exulting play,
 They welcomed me
 To their company,
And they laughed to see a little child
 As strong and as glad as they.

Then a shadow came before my eyes,
And a weight upon my heart,
And my breath came slow,
Laden with heavy sighs ;
And one I did not know
Ever to me
Clung wearily,
And whispered that we never more should
part.

And on the crags where I was wont to stand
He dragged me downward with a heavy hand ;
And on the mountains, where I used to be
As mountain breezes free,
He came, and then my steps fell heavily.
And in the forest glad and lone,
Where winds and ancient trees,
And the torrent and the breeze,
Had talked to me as to a fellow of their own,
His heavy breath my voice would choke,
His wings would cloud my spirit o'er,
I could not answer when they spoke,
And I was of their fellowship no more.
The waters laughed—I could not laugh ;
In their ancient dwelling
Nature's founts were welling,
Life-giving as of old, but not for me to quaff.

For ever he would bide
By my side,
And 'neath his heavy tread the springs were dried.

From crag to crag the torrent sprung,
Ever young.
My step had lost its spring,
The young winds sang their wonted song
The flowers among,
A song I might not sing.

The ocean and the stormy winter weather
Played their wild play together
As of old.
I could not play, and grew to dread the storm,—
The blood in Nature's veins was warm,
Mine ran cold.

And when in noontide hours of weariness
Nature had laid her down to sleep
In the solitude,
My step no more awoke the wilderness,
My voice no more her parchèd heart could steep
With life and good,
Like fountains gushing in a thirsty place;
Nature no more was glad to see my face,
For I was faint and sad as she,

And wheresoe'er my steps I bent,
Ever with me that Dark One went
 With heavy footsteps wearily.
He drank my cup of life till it was dry,
 He weighed upon my heart till it grew cold ;
He touched my eyelids hot and heavily,
 And nothing smiled as it had smiled of old.

I laid me down upon a woodland bank,
Where the breath of spring came slow in languid
 sighs,
 And smiles on me
 Beamed tearfully
From out the holy depths of violet eyes ;
 My heart within me sank.
I laid me down upon the bank and wept ;
 A sleep, which was not sleep, came o'er my
 soul :
Men mourned to see my light of life thus fade ;
 They knew not that the Ancient One *
 That shadow o'er my soul had thrown,
That He might commune with me in the
 shade.
That cloud of sleep around my sense did roll,
That He might come to me in visions as I slept.
They knew not that my sleep had dreams—
 Dreams to which all that seem most real beside

* The old Lapland appellation for God.

Are but as lights in restless waves that glide,
The changeful image of most changeful gleams.

For life is one long sleep,
O'er which in gusts do sweep
 Visions of heaven ;
The body but a closèd lid,
By which the real world is hid
From the spirit slumbering dark below ;
And all our earthly strife and woe,
Tossings in slumber to and fro ;
And all we know of heaven and light
In visions of the day or night
 To us is given.

I talked with the Ancient One
In that mysterious seeming slumber ;
Nor yet with Him alone,
But blessed spirits without number,
 Who crowd around His throne,
And loud and clear the tide of praises swell ;—
Nor only in that lofty sphere they dwell,
 But round His children throng,
 Invisibly ever,
And pour their glorious song,
 Though audible never,
Save when at evening, in the solitude,
 When not a breeze has stirred,

A quiver thrills through all the silent wood ;

Can *it* have heard ?

O what a drunkenness of joy my soul doth steep

With thought of the unuttered visions of that sleep !

And I have been since then

A prophet amongst men :

They honour me as one whose eyes

Have looked upon the mysteries

Of the true world where spirits dwell,

To whom the great book is unrolled.

O ! if thus reverently they deem

Of the poor fragments of that dream

Which can in human words be told,

What would they think of that I cannot tell ?

And when that awful slumber broke,

He who so long of late

Was my associate

No longer closely in my pathway stood,

But in the sky,

Heavily,

Like a thunder cloud with dusky wings did brood,

And to something of my former life I woke.

The sunny laugh, the spring-tide sigh,

The blood-full vein,

The bounding step, the beaming eye,
 Came not again ;
Joys that too quickly came and fled,
 To find a name.
The tears that started in my eye,
 I knew not whence,
And ere I could have questioned why
 Were from hence,—
The heart that danced amongst the forms of
 spring,
Like them a joyous growing thing,—
These came not ; yet to me were brought
A thousand joys too deep for thought :
For unto the suffering one
God sent a joy of His own ;
And the storm and the solitude
Again unto my soul were good,
For ever in the silence and the din
The unseen spirits talked to mine within.

Yet on my pathway evermore
That heavy cloud doth darkly lower,
 Like thunder-laden air,
Damping each transient thought of
 mirth,
Weighing my energies to earth,
 A burden hard to bear.

And sometimes when I've seen
My brothers dancing round
With strength's exulting bound,
Impatiently my heart would pray
That I might be even as they,

Even as I had been ;
But then some gentle sprite would hover by,
And breathe a high and cheering word,
Such as the heart's deep waters stirred,
And all my grief would melt in ecstacy.
Nor only 'neath the cloud,
By suffering, is my spirit bowed,
But with too great a weight of glory,
As with long years my head is hoary,
This feeble frame dissolves away,
Before the blaze of that full day ;
Life, breathing with too strong a breath,
Will crush this body into death.

And twice again that wondrous guest
Hath come close to my side as of old ;
Hath laid his heavy hand upon my breast,
Until my blood ran cold ;
Hath hid with stifling breath again
The light of life from me ;
Hath bound me with a threefold chain
That draggeth heavily,—

All my raptured soul to steep
In the sleep which is not sleep.
To me he is no more unknown,
His face has all familiar grown,
And dearer than the blessed sun,
For with him comes the Ancient One.

O, come to me once more !
Shadow my spirit o'er.
Three times thy hand hath been on me
 Heavily ;
Come with yet heavier grasp, and crush
 This frame to dust.
Three times thy breath hath dimmed my light
 Into night ;
Come and breathe on it mightily,
 Till it die.
Three times the cloud of sleep o'er my soul
 Thou didst roll ;
Come now, and fix the shadow there,
 Let me sleep e'er,
That I may dream those visions o'er
 Evermore.
Nay ; with loud voice this slumber break,
 That I may wake,
And be with the Ancient One
 By His throne.

Come now, and with no feeble hand,
 Strain thy band,
Until this heavy veil be riven,
 Which shuts my spirit from the light ;
Come, Strong One, bear my soul to heaven,
 And crush this lid which shrouds my sight ;
I care not what the anguish be,
 So I be free ;
Come, choke this slow and labouring breath,
And I will bless thee, Death.

1845.



WAITING.

(SUGGESTED BY TREES BENDING OVER A DRY WATERCOURSE
NEAR COMO.)



T will come, it will not tarry ! we shall not
wait in vain,

With a burst of sudden thunder, or the
trickling of quiet rain,

A tranquil stream of blessing will well around our
roots,

And the thrill of life will vibrate to our utmost
budding shoots.

Or when all the land is silent, lifeless, and sad,
and dumb,

From the snowy mountain-ranges the sound of joy
will come ;

The shock of the ancient battle (for the storm, not
the calm, comes first),

And from the unchained glaciers the river of life
will burst,

Ring new peals of triumph through all the
sultry plain ;
For the light and the life must conquer, and the
dead must live again.

Therefore with loving patience we bend o'er these
channels dumb,
Awaiting the vanished Presence, and the Life which
is to come.

1851



THE PATHWAYS OF THE HOLY LAND.



HE pathways of Thy land are little changed
Since Thou wert there ;
The busy world through other ways has
ranged,
And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet ;
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low ;
Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads,
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,
As once o'er Thee ;
Peasants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And as when gazing Thou didst weep o'er them,
 From height to height
 The white roofs of discrowned Jerusalem
 Burst on our sight.

These ways were strewed with garments once and
 palm,
 Which we tread thus ;
 Here through Thy triumph on Thou passedst, calm,
 To death ;—for us !

The waves have washed fresh sands upon the
 shore
 Of Galilee ;
 But chiselled in the hill-sides evermore
 Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumbering
 land,
 Nor Time effaced :
 Where Thou hast stood to heal, we still may stand ;
 All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps far
 Truer than these ;—
 Where'er the poor, and tried, and suffering are,
 Thy steps faith sees.

Nor with fond sad regrets Thy steps we trace ;
Thou art not dead !

Our path is onward, till we see Thy face,
And hear Thy tread.

And now, wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,
There is Thy presence, there Thy Holy Land,—
Thou, Thou art there !

1856.



VEILED ANGELS;

OR AFFLICTIONS.



NNUMBERED blessings, rich and free,
Have come to us, our God, from Thee.

Sweet tokens written with Thy name,
Bright angels from Thy face they came.

Some came with open faces bright,
Aglow with heaven's own living light;

And some were veiled, trod soft and slow,
And spoke in voices grave and low.

Veiled angels, pardon ! if with fears
We met you first, and many tears.

We take you to our hearts no less ;
We know ye come to teach and bless.

We know the love from which ye come ;
We trace you to our Father's home.

We know how radiant and how kind
Your faces are, those veils behind.

We know those veils, one happy day,
In earth or heaven, shall drop away ;

And we shall see you as ye are,
And learn why thus ye sped from far.

But what the joy that day shall be,
We know not yet ; we wait to see.

For this, O angels, well we know,
The way ye came our souls shall go :

Up to the love from which ye come,
Back to our Father's blessed home.

And bright each face, unveiled, shall shine,
Lord, when the Veil is rent from Thine !



THE POET OF POETS.

"We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works."



WE know there once was One on earth
Who penetrated all He saw,
To whom the lily had its worth,
And Nature bared her inmost law.
And when the mountain-side He trod,
The universe before Him shone,
Translucent in the smile of God,
Like young leaves in the morning sun.
Glory which Greece had never won,
To consecrate her Parthenon.

Nature her fine transmuting powers
Laid open to His piercing ken :
The life of insects and of flowers ;
The lives, and hearts, and minds of men ;
Depths of the geologic past,
The mission of the youngest star ;—
No mind had ever grasp so vast,
No science ever dived so far.

All that our boldest guess sees dim
Lay clearly visible to Him.

Had He but uttered forth in song
The visions of His waking sight,
The thoughts that o'er His soul would throng,
Alone upon the hills at night ;
What poet's loftiest ecstasies
Had stirred men with such rapturous awe
As would those living words of His,
Calm utterance of what He saw !
All earth had on those accents hung,
All ages with their echoes rung.

But He came not alone to speak,—
He came to live, He came to die :
Living, a long lost race to seek ;
Dying, to raise the fallen high.
He came, Himself the living Word,
The Godhead in His person shone ;
But few and poor were those who heard,
And wrote His words when He was gone :
Words children to their hearts can clasp,
Yet angels cannot wholly grasp.

But where those simple words were flung,
Like raindrops on the parchèd green,

A living race of poets sprung,
Who dwelt among the things unseen ;
Who loved the fallen, sought the lost,
Yet saw beneath time's masks and shrouds ;
Whose life was one pure holocaust,
Death but a breaking in the clouds :
His Volume as the world was broad,
His Poem was the Church of God.



THE POET'S DAILY BREAD.



HE Poet does not dwell apart, enshrined in
golden beams ;

He is not mailed from Time's rude blows
in a panoply of dreams.

No Pegasus bears him aloft in pathways 'mid the
clouds ;

But he must tread the common earth mingling in
common crowds.

He dwells not in fair solitudes a still and lone
recluse ;

But he must handle common tools to his diviner
use.

He doth not list in magic caves the music of life's
ocean ;

Borne freely on its winds and waves, he feels their
every motion.

The glory which around him shines is no fictitious
ray ;
It is the sun which shines on all, the light of
common day.

But he has won an open eye to see things as they are,
A glory in God's meanest works which passeth
fiction far.

His ear is open to discern stirrings of angel wings,
And angel whispers come to him from mute and
common things.

And Nature, ever meeting him with the same
radiant face,
And filling still her daily round with the old quiet
grace,

Is fresh and glorious as at first, and mightier far
to bless,
His youth's strong passion growing ripe in deep
home-tenderness :

And truths to which his childhood clung, like
songs repeated often
By the sweet voice of one we love, do but the
surer soften.

One thing he scorns with bitter scorn, the lived
or spoken lie ;
Yet knowing what a labyrinth life, how dim the
inward eye,—

Is slow to brand his fellow-man as false, or base,
or mean,
Or aught which hath fed human hearts as common
or unclean.


Nature prepares no royal food for this her royal guest ;
No special banquet is for him at life's full table
dressed.

But all life's honest impulses, home joys, and cares,
and tears,
The shower of cordial laughter which the clouded
bosom cheers,

All earnest voices of his kind, calm thoughts of
solitude,
All of the world that is not husks,—this is the
poet's food.

God's living poem speaks to him God-like in every line ;
Not all man's hackneyed renderings can make it
less divine.

SUGGESTED BY THE PROMETHEUS
BOUND.

HY torturers made no lament,
No pity with their task was blent ;
Thy cup of anguish was unmixed,
And human hands Thy hands transfixed,
O Thou who lovedst man !

No ocean beamed Thine eyes before,
With "countless laughter" dimpled o'er,
But heavings of an angry sea
Of human faces mocking Thee,
O Thou who lovedst man !

No "fragrant stir of heavenly wings,"
But mockeries and murmurings ;
No depths divine of azure sky,
But darkness dread received Thy cry,
O Thou who lovedst man !

Yet was Thy cry of agony
Earth's first true peal of victory,
Hushing the world-old blasphemy,
That God gives good reluctantly,
O God who lovedst man !

Since Thou thus sufferedst to fulfil
Willing the Father's loving will,
And lifting off the load of sin
Let the free tide of love flow in,
O Thou who lovest man !

The Fount of Fire for us is won,
Since Life and Light in Thee are one ;
Thy bonds have made the fettered free,
And man unbound Love binds to Thee,
O Thou who lovest man !




THE BETRAYAL OF THE YUCATAN ISLANDERS.

“ We have not followed cunningly devised fables.”

“ When the Spaniards understood the simple opinion of the Yucatan Islanders concerning the souls of their departed, which, after their sins purged in the cold northern mountains, should pass into the south—to the intent that, leaving their own country of their own accord, they might suffer themselves to be brought to Hispaniola, they did persuade these poor wretches that they came from those places where they should see their parents and children, and all their kindred and friends that were dead, and enjoy all kinds of delights, with the embracement and fruition of all beloved beings. And they, being infected and possessed with these crafty and subtle imaginations, singing and rejoicing, left their country, and followed vain and idle hope. But when they saw that they were deceived, and neither met their parents nor any that they desired, but were compelled to undergo grievous sovereignty and command, and to endure cruel and extreme labour, they either slew themselves, or, choosing to famish, gave up their fair spirits, being persuaded by no reason or violence to take food. So these miserable Yucatan came to their end.”—*Quoted in “ Short Studies on Great Subjects,” by J. A. Froude.*

I.

“ HEY came o’er the Eastern Sea ;
 None had ever seen its shore ;
 And living things,
 With grand white wings,
 Those white-limbed strangers bore.

“White wings on the purple sea,
Like the white-winged clouds o’er-
head.

We said, ‘They come
From the far-off Home,
Where rest our happy dead.

“ ‘They know of the far white hills
Where our beloved go,
Cleansing their souls
Where the thunder rolls
O’er the fields of ice and snow !

“ ‘They come from the sunlit shore
Where our beloved rest ;
Where they rest in light
All pure and white,
’Neath the morning’s golden breast.’

“They landed on our isle,
Our reverent trust they won,
This Royal Race
From the Dawn’s own place,
These Children of the Sun.

“Like lightnings flashed their swords ;
They held the winds their slaves ;

The thunders raged,
In their sea-towers caged ;
They rode on the foaming waves.

“ We saw they were strong and wise,
We thought they were good and true ;
We said, ‘ They will tell
Where our lost ones dwell,’
For we thought they all things knew.

“ They saw how we yearned for our dead ;
They answered grave and slow :—
‘ Trust us ; we come
From that far-off home ;
With us to your Dead ye shall go.’

“ We climbed their dread sea-towers,
For we trusted the words they said ;
We feared not the thunder,
Caged, sullen, under ;
For we went to rejoin our dead.

“ Singing and glad we went,
Those treacherous billows o’er,
To those unknown strands,
For a clasp of the hands
We had feared to clasp no more ;

“ For a sound of the well-known
voice

We had feared not to hear again :
For we thought, ‘ Even thus
They are watching for us,
Watching across the main.

“ ‘ Will they meet us one by one,
On lonely cliff or shore,
Or with flowers and song
In a festive throng,
To part from us never more ?’

“ So, singing and glad we went,
Trusting, across the main,
Till we reached the strand,
Where they drove us to land
With laughter, and lash, and chain.

“ For the welcomes of our beloved,
The stranger’s stripes and jeers ;
For the promised Home,
The slave’s dark doom,
And toil without time for tears.

“ But they will not bind us long ;
We are breaking their fetters fast ;

No chains can keep
From that long, safe sleep,
Where we join our Dead at last."

II.

Oh, Thou who camest from far,
From the shores none living know
And over the sea
Biddest us with Thee
To our belovèd go ;

Not Thine the thunder-sign ;
Silent Thou trodd'st the wave,
Hushing its strife ;
But Thy touch was life,
Death was Thy fettered slave.

His Sea grew a crystal Floor,
When Thou saidst, " Its shore I know ;
Trust Me : I come
From that far-off Home ;
Follow Me,—to your dead ye shall go."

Thousands obeyed Thy call,
Left all for Thee, content ;

Through fire and sword,
Trusting Thy word,
Singing and glad they went.

What feverish dream of doubt,
What terror of hearts death-cold,
Has raved that from Thee
Such wrong could be
As this base wrong of old !

God, by Thy goodness proved,
Infinite by Thine Heart ;
The deeds Thou hast done
A world have won ;
We trust Thee for what Thou art !

Little Thy lips have said
Of that mysterious shore ;
But we seek not a Place,
We seek Thy face,
And we crave to know no more.

Thou hast promised no stormless course,
Yet singing and glad we go ;
Faithful and True
Thou wilt bring us through ;
If not, Thou hadst told us so.

ST. FRANCIS D'ASSISI'S CANTICUM SOLIS.

ALTISSIMO onnipotente buon Signore, tue son le laudi, la gloria, lo honor, e ogni benediction. A te solo se confanno e nullo homo è degno di nominarti.

Laudato sia mio Signore per tutte le creature, specialmente Messer lo Fratre Sole, il quale giorno illumina noi per lui. E alto e bello e radiante con grande splendore. Da Te Signore porta significazione.

Laudato sia mio Signore per Suora Luna e per le stelle le quali in cielo le hai formate chiare e belle.

Laudato sia mio Signore per fratre Vento e per la luce e nuvole e sereno e ogni tempo, per lo quale dai a tutte creature sustentamento.

Laudato sia mio Signore per Suora acqua la quale è molto utile e humile e pretiosa e casta.

Laudato sia mio Signora per Fratre Fuoco per lo quale tu allumini la notte, è bello e jocundo e robustissimo e forte.

Laudato sia mio Signore per nostra Madre Terra la quale ne sostenta, governa, e produce diversi frutte, e coloriti fiori e herbi.

Laudato sia mio Signore per quelli che perdonano per lo tuo amore e sosteneno infirmitade e tribulatione. Beati quelli che sostegneranno in pace che da Te Altissimo saranno incoronati.



BLESS Thee, Father, that where'er I go
A brotherhood of blessed creatures goes
With me, and biddeth me God speed.

For all

Thy mute and innocent creatures take my thanks;
To me they are child-brethren without speech
Or sin.

And first for him, the noblest of them all,
He who brings day and summer, disenchant's
The ice-bound streams, and wakes the happy birds,
Pure choristers, to matins ; at whose call
The young flowers, startled from their hiding-places,
Peep and laugh ; who clothes the earth, and fills
The heavens with joy ; and he is beautiful
And radiant with great splendour. Praise to Thee,
O Highest ! for our royal brother Sun ;
For bears he not an impress, Lord, of Thee ?

And praise for her our holy white-veiled sister,
Dwelling on high in heavenly purity ;
And for the radiant hosts that bear her company,
For they are bright and beautiful.
Praise for the Moon and Stars.

Praise for our brother Wind ; for though his voice
Is rough at times, and in his savage mood
He rends the earth, rousing the sea to fury,
Yet at Thy calm rebuke he layeth by
His lion nature, frisketh like a lamb
Beside the streams, and gently crisps with snow
The sapphire waves, and stirs the corn, and wakes
The languid flowers to life, and lays dead blossoms
Softly in their graves : for the strong winds,
The rough but kindly winds, we bless Thee, Lord.

And for our sister, Water, mountain child
Whose happy feet make music on the hills ;
For her who bounds so light from rock to
rock,

Yet brings a blessing wheresoe'er she comes.
She spurns all fetters, laughs at all restraint,
Yet scorns no lowliest ministry of love,
Abiding peacefully in roadside wells,
And sparkling welcomes in the peasant's cup.
Nature's sweet almoner ! all praise for her !
For she is useful, precious, meek, and chaste.
We bless Thee, Lord, for her.

And for our brother, Fire !—fearful is he
When he goes forth exulting in his strength,
And all things quail and fly before his face !
Yet he will sit a patient minister
Of blessings on our hearth, and through the
night

He cheers us. He is joyous, bold, robust,
And strong. Praise, Lord, for him !

And for our mother Earth, who feedeth us
With such unwearied love, and strews our paths
With rainbow-tinted flowers and healing herbs ;
Our gentle, generous, most beautiful,
And ever youthful mother.

Thus, blessed Christ, all praise to Thee for these
Thy creatures. They are all Thy ministers,
And to Thy reconciled speak nought but peace.
Children and servants are we in one household,
Dwelling before Thee in sweet harmony.
O bless us all ! Father ! we all bless Thee !



THE WELL AT SYCHAR.

(ON FINDING IT FILLED UP BY THE ARABS.)



THEY have stopped the sacred well which
the patriarchs dug of old,
Where they watered the patient flocks at
noon, from the depths so pure and cold ;

Where the Saviour asked to drink, and found at
noon repose :

But the living spring He opened then no human
hands can close.

They have scattered the ancient stones, where at
noon He sat to rest :

None ever shall rest by that well again, and think
how His accents blest ;

But the Rest for the burdened heart, the Shade in
the weary land,

The riven Rock with its living streams, for ever
unmoved shall stand.

Earth has no Temple now, no beautiful House of
God ;

Or earth is all one temple-floor which those sacred
feet have trod.


But in heaven there is a Throne, a Home and a
House of prayer :

Thyself the Temple, Thyself the Sun ; our pilgrim-
age endeth there !

NARLOUS, *June* 1856.



ONLY THAT THE SUN IS COMING.

“ SHALL the summer have no singing?
Shall so much of good be given,
And no sweet return of praises
Rise to meet the songs of heaven?

“All my life, from morn till even,
So with happy cares be fraught,
That a slumbrous spell of silence
Chains the deeper founts of thought?”

So I mused one summer morning,
When sweet song the silence stirred,
Filling all the air with gladness,
From a little caged bird.

No especial pomp of sunrise
Woke that early joyous hymn;
No peculiar fount of blessing
Gushed that morning fresh for him.

“Only that the sun is coming,”

Rising slowly o’er the hill;

This familiar joy sufficing

All his happy heart to fill.

Only that the sun is coming,—

All the world’s dear light and his,—

Therefore, o’er the still gray morning

Flows his song in ecstasies.

Yet his sun, this night departing,

Leaves him caged and desolate ;

Whilst our Sun, in glory rising,

Bursts the cage, and shall not set ;

Breaks the bars, unveils the eyesight,

Sets us free to gaze and soar,

Free for tireless song and service

In the day that dies no more.

Only that the Sun is coming !

Had we not a joy but this,

Should not speech o’erflow in singing,

And the heart be still in bliss ?

HOW DOTTH DEATH SPEAK OF OUR BELOVED ?

“ The rain that falls upon the height,
Too gently to be called delight,
In the dark valley reappears
As a wild cataract of tears ;
And love in life should strive to see
Sometimes, what love in death would be.”

COVENTRY PATMORE'S *“Angel in the House.”*



OW doth death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low ;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow ?

It clothes their every gift and grace
With radiance from the holiest place,
With light as from an angel's face ;

Recalling with resistless force,
And tracing to their hidden source,
Deeds scarcely noticed in their course,—

This little, loving, fond device,
That daily act of sacrifice,
Of which too late we learn the price ;

Opening our weeping eyes to trace
Simple unnoticed kindnesses,
Forgotten tones of tenderness,

Which evermore to us must be
Sacred as hymns in infancy,
Learned listening at a mother's knee.

Thus doth death speak of our beloved,
 When it has laid them low ;
Then let love antedate the work of death,
 And speak thus now.

How doth death speak of our beloved,
 When it has laid them low ;
When it has set its hallowing touch
 On speechless lip and brow ?

It sweeps their faults with heavy hand,
As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,
Till scarce the faintest print is scanned.

It shows how such a vexing deed
Was but a generous nature's weed,
Or some choice virtue run to seed ;

How that small fretting fretfulness
Was but love's over-anxiousness,
Which had not been had love been less ;

This failing at which we repined,
But the dim shade of day declined,
Which should have made us doubly kind.

Thus doth death speak of our beloved,
 When it has laid them low ;
Then let love antedate the work of death,
 And speak thus now.

How doth death speak of our beloved,
 When it has laid them low ;
When it has set its hallowing touch
 On speechless lip and brow ?

It takes each failing on our part,
And brands it in upon the heart,
With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect that may have pained,
A giant stature will have gained,
When it can never be explained ;

The little service which had proved
How tenderly we watched and loved,
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved ;

The little gift from out our store,
Which might have cheered some cheerless hour,
When they with earth's poor needs were poor,
But never will be needed more !

It shows our faults like fires at night,
It sweeps their failings out of sight ;
It clothes their good in heavenly light.

O Christ, our life, foredate the work of death,
And do this now ;
Thou, who art love, thus hallow our beloved!—
Not death, but Thou !

June, 1862.



THE LAST ENEMY.



N Enemy comes to me,

He is coming before the night;

Ere to-night the battle must be;

It may be while noon is bright.

Some few first morning hours

I knew not this Dread must come ;

Then each dewy flower seemed a world

With its sun of joy impearled,

Yet the furthest star a home.

But he came near to me,

And the boundless bounded grew,

The countless stars seemed few ;

For I felt the world's cold rim —

I saw where the light grew dim,

And I thought evermore as I went,

“ At the next turn of the path,
So familiar, so like the last,
Where the old familiar trees,
And the homely thrifty bees,
And the birds to their nests flitting past,
Familiar shadows cast,
This strange new shadow may fall,
His shadow may shadow them all.
And ere I can lift my eyes,
Not only blossom and tree,
But the sun, and the earth, and the
sea,
All I can hear or see
Like a shadow behind me lies:
Nor only the things I see;
But ye, beloved, ye !
Ye may grow shadows to me :
And I a shadow to you,
A shadow one hour or two ;
Then less than a shadow, a dream,
Less than a dream I may be,—
A dream’s faint memory.

‘ For though I know not the hour,
The end of the Fight I know.
He will conquer, not I ;
He will come and lay me low.

To many I knew he drew nigh,
And with all it ended so.
Like them I shall fight to the last,
Confront him with hand and eye :
Perhaps I shall hope to the last ;
But he will conquer, not I.

“ Of all I have seen him strike,
He has stricken not one alike.
To some like a Beast of Prey
He has come in the still noon-day,
From the quiet reeds by the pool,
From the forest calm and cool,
With a sudden spring and a cry,
Swept in a breath away ;
Or eagle-like from on high
With a sudden swoop and no cry,
From the calm of a cloudless sky.

“ To some like the syren maids
Fabled by those of old,
Lulling them softly to sleep,
Lulling them down to the deep,
To the darkness and the cold.

“ He may be now by my side,
As I sit at my work alone.

If I turn my head I may see
His terrible eyes on me,—
And my heart may turn to stone.”

Thus I waited and dreaded long.
But I do not dread him now ;
I have seen the slave's chain on his
hand,
The captive's brand on his brow.

I have felt the touch of the Hand,
The living, loving Hand,
The Hand that holds his chain !
I shall feel it yet again,—
Feel it all fetters burst,—
Only that cold touch first !

I know the look of the Eyes
Those terrible eyes obey ;
I have seen them moist with tears,
For the weary, wandering, per-
plexed :
But when I see them next,
They will smile all tears away.

And like a frightened child,
Led up to the shadow it feared,

Standing with Him on the height,
The mountain-height at His feet,
Where the earth and the heavens meet,
With His smile for the world's and my light ;

Like a shadow, far down, I shall see,
Not the earth and the sea He upholds,
Not you, whom His love enfolds,
But far, far under me,
Like a shadow that flits o'er the sea,
Himself the Last Enemy.

1867.



THE TWO ACCUSATIONS.



CROSS stands black against the last pale
glow

Of that dread day that twice was veiled
in night ;

The form that quivered there when noon was high
Rests low amidst the shrouds and spices now,
And reverent hands have wiped the thorn-crowned
brow.

But where it bowed at noon, death-dewed and white,
The Roman's accusation meets my sight,
Earth's homage rendered in her own despite,
Proclaiming in three tongues thy right divine !

Yet as I gaze my heart discovers there
Another accusation black and clear ;
These were the crimes that slew Thee !—*They are*
mine !

But it is torn, and stained with sacred blood ;
No more a sentence, but a pardon sealed by God.

THE TWO REPROACHES.



THY voice made rocks Thy fountains; ocean
waves

A wall around Thy chosen; desert caves
Their temples; flames their car of victory.
Thy touch made lepers pure as infancy.
Thy word lulls storms to sleep, like babes at play;
Or, as they rage, bids them white chrisoms lay
For flowers. Thy smile makes tears of sinful men
The joy of angels. Shall we wonder, then,
That blinded hate, and envy masked in scorn,
Twining for Thee the crown of sharpest thorn,
But wove a wreath of glory for Thy brow;
And broken hearts, which sins and sorrows bow,
Scanning through all the heaven of Thy Word

Some special guiding-star of hope to see;
And angels, searching tributes for their Lord,

Finding these words of those that hated Thee,
“*This Man receiveth sinners,*” and again
(Written in blood earth’s darkest record o’er),
“*He savèd others,*” pause and search no more;—
Both finding all they sought, gaze and adore.

THE THORNS OF LIFE.



OUR path aloft is slippery and steep,
The smooth brow of a sea-washed precipice ;
And often, in an hour's unguarded sleep,
We fall from heights of years' hard toil the price.

Sorrows are thorns and stunted plants, that spring
From out the rock their rugged roots have riven,
Building for thee, if to their stems thou cling,
A Jacob's Ladder mounting up to heaven.

Lay hold of them, though hands and feet be torn ;
For couldst thou see aright, each sharp-toothed thorn
Would seem an angel's hand along the road
To drag thee in thine own despite to God.



SOWING IN TEARS.

TO A MISSIONARY WHO LABOURED MANY YEARS WITHOUT
SEEING ANY RESULT.



YE have not sowed in vain !

Though the heavens seem as brass,
And, piercing the crust of the burning
plain,

Ye scan not a blade of grass.

Yet there is life within,

And waters of life on high :

One morn ye shall wake, and the spring's soft green
O'er the moistened fields shall lie ;

Tears in the dull, cold eye,

Light on the darkened brow,

The smile of peace, or the prayerful sigh,
Where the mocking smile sits now.

Went ye not forth with prayer ?

Then ye went not forth in vain ;

“The Sower, the Son of man,” was there,
And His was that precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud,
The first sweet signs of spring,
The first slow drops of the quickening shower
On the dry, hard ground that ring ;

But the harvest-home ye’ll keep,
The summer of life ye’ll share,
When they that sow and they that reap
Rejoice together *there* !



MARAH AND ELIM.



THREE long days of desert sunshine, toiling
 'neath those scorching beams,
Three long nights of heavy silence, gladden-
 den by no sound of streams.

Hear the waters now around us! see them sparkling
 in the sun!

Surely now our trial ceaseth!—surely now our
 goal is won!

Lips long parched and sealed in silence press the
 joyous waves to kiss;
Eyes whose tears were dried by anguish overflow
 with tears of bliss;

Toil-worn men, themselves untasting, leave to dearer
 lips the prize,
Drinking draughts of deeper pleasure from the
 smile of grateful eyes.

But a moment ! but a moment may the rapturous
dream remain ;

But a moment ! from the nation bursts a sob of
wildest pain.

Children dash the bitter waters from them with a
moaning cry ;

Mothers, by the mocking fountains, lay their little
ones to die.

Hearts that bore the trial bravely, with this shat-
tered hope have burst ;

Streams for which we prayed and waited, bitter
streams, but mock our thirst.

Was it but for this the ocean, parting, bent our
feet to kiss,

Fiercely then our foes o'erwhelming ? Were our
first-born spared for this ?

Better to be slaves in Egypt ! better to have
perished there !

Better ne'er a hope have tasted, than to sink in
this despair.

Israel ! Israel ! hush thy murmurs, hide thy guilty
head in dust !

He who is the Joy of heaven feeleth grief in thy distrust.

Gently to thy wails He answers, "I am He that healeth thee ;"

E'en to-day the streams thou loathest shall thy best refreshment be.

And to-morrow, but to-morrow, He thy sins so often grieve,

Trains thee for, and storeth for thee, joys thy heart can scarce conceive.

Coollest waters leaping, gushing 'neath the shade of many a palm !

Let no memory of murmurs mar for thee that blessed calm.

So thy Marah shall be Elim, and thy Elim know no fears,

For the fount of deepest gladness springeth near the place of tears.



THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT.



HERE hast been toiling all day, sweet heart,
That thy brow is burdened and sad ?
The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,
Or scorched with the mid-day glare ?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
That thy face is so full of care ?

"No pleasant garden-toils were mine !
I have sate on the judgment-seat,
Where the Master sits at eve and calls
The children around His feet."

How camest thou on the judgment-seat,
Sweet heart ? Who set thee there ?
'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
And well might fill thee with care.

“I climbed on the judgment-seat myself,
I have sate there alone all day,
For it grieved me to see the children around
Idling their life away.

“They wasted the Master’s precious seed,
They wasted the precious hours ;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the
fruits,
And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers.”

And what hast thou done on the judgment-seat,
Sweet heart ? What didst thou there ?
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice ?
Did the garden mend by thy care ?

“Nay, that grieved me more ! I called and I
cried,
But they left me there forlorn ;
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
Or they laughed my words to scorn.”

Ah, the judgment-seat was not for thee !
The servants were not thine !
And the eyes which adjudge the praise and the
blame,
See further than thine or mine.

The Voice that shall sound there at eve, sweet
heart,

Will not raise its tones to be heard ;
It will hush the earth, and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word.

“Should I see the Master’s treasures lost,
The stores that should feed His poor,
And *not* lift my voice, be it weak as it
may,
And not be grievèd sore ?”

Wait till the evening falls, sweet heart,
Wait till the evening falls ;
The Master is near and knoweth all,
Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared thy garden-plot, sweet heart,
Whilst thou sat’st on the judgment-seat ?
Who watered thy roses and trained thy
vines,
And kept them from careless feet ?

“Nay, that is saddest of all to me !
That is saddest of all !
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall.”

Go back to thy garden-plot, sweet heart !
Go back till the evening falls !
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone,
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next may copy his, sweet heart,
Till all grows fair and sweet ;
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces His coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweet heart,
In the garden so fair to see,
In the Master's words of praise for all,
In a look of His own for thee !

December 1865.



THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."



S thy cruse of comfort failing? rise and
share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it
shall serve thee and thy brother;

Love Divine will fill thy store-house, or thy hand-
ful still renew;

Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast
for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth
is living grain;

Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill
with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag
wearily?

Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear
both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou
sleep amidst the snow ?

Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together
both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle ? Many wounded
round thee moan ;

Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that
balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty ? None but God
its void can fill ;

Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain can its ceaseless
longings still.

Is the heart a living power ? self-entwined, its
strength sinks low ;

It can only live in loving, and by serving love will
grow.



THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.



THOU art the Way !

All ways are thorny mazes without Thee ;
Where hearts are pierced, and thoughts
all aimless stray ;

In Thee the heart stands firm, the life moves free :
Thou art our Way !

Thou art the Truth !

Questions the ages break against in vain

Confront the spirit in its untried youth ;
It starves while learning poison from the grain :
Thou art the Truth !

Thou art the Truth !

Truth for the mind grand, glorious, infinite,

A heaven still boundless o'er its highest growth ;
Bread for the heart its daily need to meet :
Thou art the Truth !

Thou art the Light !

Earth beyond earth no faintest ray can give ;

Heaven's shadeless noontide blinds our mortal
sight ;

In Thee we look on God, and love, and live :

Thou art our Light !

Thou art the Rock !

Doubts none can solve heave wild on every side,

Wave meeting wave of thought in ceaseless
shock ;

On Thee the soul rests calm amidst the tide :

Thou art our Rock !

Thou art the Life !

All ways without Thee paths that end in death ;

All life without Thee with death's harvest rife ;

All truths dry bones, disjoined, and void of breath :

Thou art our Life !

For Thou art Love !

Our Way and End ! the way is rest with Thee !

O living Truth, the truth is life in Thee !

O Life essential, life is bliss with Thee !

For Thou art Love !

"HE SAVED OTHERS."



HEN scorn, and hate, and bitter envious
pride

Hurled all their darts against the Crucified,
Found they no fault but this in Him so tried ?

"He saved others !"

Those hands, thousands their healing touches knew ;
On withered limbs they fell like heavenly dew ;
The dead have felt them, and have lived anew :

"He saved others."

The blood is dropping slowly from them now ;
Thou canst not raise them to Thy thorn-crown'd brow,
Nor on them Thy parched lips and forehead bow :

"He saved others !"

That Voice from out their graves the dead hath stirred ;
Crushed, outcast hearts, grew joyful as they heard ;
For every woe it had a healing word :

"He saved others !"

For all Thou hadst deep tones of sympathy—
Hast Thou no word for this Thine agony?
Thou pitiedst all; doth no man pity Thee?

“He saved others!”


So many fettered hearts Thy touch hath freed,
Physician! and Thy wounds unstanched must bleed;
Hast Thou no balm for this Thy sorest need?

“He saved others!”

Lord! and one sign from Thee could rend the sky,
One word from Thee, and low those mockers lie;
Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry,
And savest us.



"TALITHA CUMI!" *

" TALITHA CUMI!"

The mother spoke ;
And lightly from slumber
The child awoke.

* * * *

In sweet dreams folded
At dawn of day,
As in dew a rosebud,
The maiden lay.

The fair lids rounded
In calm repose ;
Long lashes shading
The cheek's soft rose.

The lips half parted,
As though she smiled,

* " *Talitha*, in the dialect of the people, a term of endearment used towards a young maiden." — *Dean Alford on " St. Mark's Gospel."*

When with kisses the mother
Awoke the child.

"*Talitha cumi !*
Damsel, arise !"
And slowly opened
Those happy eyes.

* * *
In deep sleep buried,
At close of day,
Silent and pallid
The maiden lay.

In the heart no beating,
On the cheek no rose ;
Placid but rigid
The pale lips close.

No gentle heavings
Of even breath.
And the mother sobbeth, —
"Not sleep, but death !"

No need for hushing
Her anguish now ;
No wailings will trouble
That placid brow.

No wild lamentings
The mourners make,
No tumult of minstrels
That sleep can break.

Silence those death-wails
Of wild despair !
" *Not dead, but sleeping !*"
The Life is there !

Gentle His accents,
Mother, as thine ;
Yet Galilee's tempests
Know them Divine.

Kingly, He chaseth
The mocking band ;
Softly He toucheth
The clay-cold hand.

" *Talitha cumi !*
Damsel, arise !"
And slowly open
Those death-sealed eyes.

With a name of endearment,
Tender and soft,

(Her mother had waked her
From sleep with it oft),

He calls her spirit
Beyond the tombs,—
"Talitha cumi!"
She hears and comes.

And the gates of Hades,
The gates of brass,
Which through the ages
None living pass,

Before those accents
Quake as with thunder,
Quiver like aspens,
And part asunder ;

Open like flowers
Touched by the sun ;—
Yet through the portals
Passeth but one.

Fearless came through them
The soul of the child ;
Saw Him who called her,
Knew Him, and smiled.

* * * *

"*Talitha cumi !*"

The Saviour spoke ;
And, as from light slumbers,
The dead awoke.

1862.



GETHSEMANE.

" Now is my soul exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

" The Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."



IN *hardens* all the heart, with ice encrusting,
And narrowing its current evermore ;
Therefore, O Saviour, loving, pitying
trusting,

Thy heart, no ice of sin e'er crusted o'er,

Was tenderer to feel each pang that tried Thee
Than any heart which ever broke or bled ;
The timid love that followed yet denied Thee,
The selfish fear that kept far off, or fled.

* * * * *

But sin must ever *weaken* while it hardens,—
Enfeebling to endure, or act, or dare ;
Till nothing save the balm of heavenly pardons
Can nerve the heart again to do or bear.

Then must Thy heart be stronger far to suffer
Than any sinful heart that ever beat ;

And if Thy path than any path be rougher,
 Yet hast Thou tenfold strength its woes to meet.

What tide of grief, then, Mightiest ! o'er Thee rushes,
 Thus tasking e'en Thy patience and Thy trust ?
 What woe beyond all woe Thy spirit crushes,
 Bowing Thee, sinless, spotless, to the dust ?

Martyrs for Thee have gone to meet their anguish,
 Singing glad psalms e'en with their dying breath ;
 Not all their tortures causing once to languish
 The hope that led them forth for Thee to death.

Thy Stephen's face shone like a happy angel's,
 Uplifted, 'midst the stones, towards Thy skies,
 Beaming from radiant brows Thine own evangel's,
 And glowing with the welcome in Thine eyes.

Yet Thou, Lord, liftest not Thy face to heaven,
 But bowest prostrate on the dewy sod ;
 Thy soul exceeding sorrowful, with death-pangs riven,
 Thy sweat of anguish as great drops of blood.

What storm is this in which Thou all but sinkest,
 Whose arm has borne so many through the flood ?
 What bitter cup is this from which Thou shrinkest,
 Strength of all martyrs, patient Lamb of God ?

The sin of all the world, whose throne Thou claimest,
 Hadst made so fair, so fallen, loved and sought ;
The sin of all Thine own, to whom Thou camest,—
 Thou camest, and Thine own received Thee not ;

The sin of all the saved, that, dying, bless'd Thee,
 Who from the sting of death hadst set them free ;
The sin of all Thy martyrs, who confess'd Thee,
 And died rejoicing that they went to Thee ;—

This is the weight of agony unspoken
 Which Thee, O Highest, thus so low hath laid !
The curse of all the law mankind had broken,
 The sin of all the world which Thou hadst made.

Earth's serried woe and crime in one compressing,
 Thou buriest all within Thy single breast ;
And changest thus our every curse to blessing,
 Giving us life through death—in labour rest.



EUREKA.



OME and rejoice with me !

For once my heart was poor,
And I have found a treasury
Of love, a boundless store.

Come and rejoice with me !

I was so sick at heart,
Have met with One who knows my case,
And knows the healing art.

Come and rejoice with me !

For I was wearied sore,
And I have found a mighty arm
Which holds me evermore.

Come and rejoice with me !

My feet so wide did roam,
And One has sought me from afar,
And beareth me safe home.

Come and rejoice with me !

For I have found a Friend
Who knows my heart's most secret depths,
Yet loves me without end.

I knew not of His love,
And He had loved so long,
With love so faithful and so deep,
So tender and so strong.

And now I know it all,
Have heard and know His voice,
And hear it still from day to day ;—
Can I enough rejoice ?



THE GOSPEL IN THE LORD'S SUPPER.



O Gospel like this Feast
Spread for Thy Church by Thee ;
Nor prophet nor evangelist
Preach the glad news so free.

Picture and Parable !
All Truth and Love Divine,
In one bright point made visible,
Hence on the heart they shine.

All our Redemption cost,
All our Redemption won ;
All it has won for us, the lost,
All it cost Thee, the Son.

Thine was the bitter price,—
Ours is the free gift given ;

Thine was the blood of sacrifice,—
Ours is the wine of heaven.

For Thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken heart, the side transpierced ;—
To us the Bread of Life.

To Thee our curse and doom,
Wrapped round Thee with our sin,
The horror of that midday gloom,
The deeper night within ;—

To us Thy Home in light,
Thy “Come, ye blessed, come !”
Thy bridal raiment, pure and white,
Thy Father's welcome home.

Here we would rest midway,
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest Day
Meeting before our sight ;

From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of bless'd repose
Thy love prepares with God ;

Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the Cross as at the Feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee !



AROUND A TABLE, NOT A TOMB.



ROUND a Table, not a Tomb,
He willed our gathering-place to be;
When, going to prepare our home,
Our Saviour said, "Remember Me."

We kneel around no sculptured stone,
Marking the place where Jesus lay;—
Empty the tomb, the angels gone,
The stone for ever rolled away.

Nay! sculptured stones are for the dead!
Thy three dark days of death are o'er;
Thou art the Life, our living Head,
Our living Light for evermore!

Of no fond relics, sadly dear,
Oh, Master! are Thine own possess;
The crown of thorns, the cross, the spear,
The purple robe, the seamless vest.

Nay ! relics are for those who mourn
The memory of an absent friend ;
Not absent Thou, nor we forlorn !—
“ With you each day until the end ! ”

Thus round Thy Table, not Thy Tomb,
We keep Thy sacred Feast with Thee ;
Until within the Father's Home
Our endless gathering-place shall be.

October 1862.



NEW YEAR'S HYMN.



WHAT marks the dawning of the year
From any other morn ?
No festal garb doth Nature wear
Because a Year is born.

The sky is not more full of light,
The air more full of song,
And silent from the caves of night
Glide the gray hours along.

And I, to whose awakened eyes
So fair this morn appears,—
How know I where to-morrow lies ?
God grants not life by years.

Father! to-day upon my head
Thy hand in blessing lay ;
Give us this day our daily bread,
Renew our hearts to-day.

Our Lord and Saviour ! all we ask
Is that, through Thee, forgiven,
To us each day our daily task,
Our daily strength be given :

That when at last the Trump of Doom
Sends its long peal abroad,
We, glad within Thy heavenly home,
May keep the Day of God.



EARLY RISING HYMN.



WAKE! the costly hours are fleeting;

Wake, arise!

Wake, and let thy joyous greeting

Pierce the skies!

God to thee an angel sendeth,

From the azure heavens descendeth

Fresh as May

The new-born Day.

On her head a crown she weareth,

With blessings rife;

In her hands a cup she beareth,

A cup of life.

Every drop of its full measure

Is a pearl of heavenly treasure:

Haste; arise!

Claim the prize!

Let some drops in free libation

First be poured,

Poured in lowly adoration

To thy Lord !

To Him who bore such anguish for thee,

Him who, risen, watcheth o'er thee,

Wake and raise

Songs of praise !

Where the watch thou should'st be keeping ?

Child of day !

Saints are weeping, sinners sleeping,

Rise and pray !

Think what Night is deepening o'er thee,

Think what Morning lies before thee,

Child of Day,

Rise and pray !

Saviour, rouse me, nerve me, bless me

With strength divine ;

Wholly let Thy love possess me,—

Me and mine.

Let each moment soar above

Laden with some work of love,

Till we rise

To Thy skies.

That, thus knit in blessed union,

Lord, to Thee !

Every act may be communion,
 Lord, with Thee !
And Thy presence ever near us
May o'er each temptation cheer us
 Thus to rise—
 Thus to rise !



SUNDAY EVENING HYMN.



ANOTHER day of heavenly rest,
And angels' toil is ended,
And to the chorus of the blest
The last hymn has ascended.
Tranquil as an infant's sleep
Eve shadows cot and meadow;
Let Thy peace with calm as deep
The wearied spirit shadow.

As of old the apostle band
All their labours bore Thee,
Lowly at Thy feet we stand,
Lay our work before Thee.
Pardon Thou the imperfect deed,
Crown the weak endeavour,
Prosper Thou the heavenly seed,
Work Thou with us ever.


Thou know'st how sin and error e'er
In all our efforts mingle,

How seldom mortal eye is clear,
Or human purpose single.
Let Thy blood, O dying Lord,
Blot out all our evil;
Let Thy touch, O living Word,
All our errors shrivel.

Let Thy lambs we sought to feed
By Thy hand be nourished;
Let them be Thy lambs indeed,
In Thy bosom cherished.
To the griefs we cannot reach
Breathe Thou consolation;
To the hearts we cannot teach
Bring Thou Thy salvation.

May the tone of this day's prayers
Vibrate through the seven;
Sabbaths, work-days, pleasures, tears,
Mould us all for heaven.
That taking thus each joy and woe
As Thy gifts parental,
To us life's daily bread may grow
Viands sacramental.

SONG FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

HE little birds fill all the air with their glee,
Yet they've not half so much to be glad
of as we:

So with thrushes and blackbirds we'll joyfully sing
All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

The grasshopper chirps in the long summer grass,
The frisking lambs bleat in the fields as we pass :
So with wee things and young things we'll joyfully
sing

All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

The river shouts glad, as it dances along,
The little stream murmurs a sweet, quiet song :
So with rivers and streamlets we'll joyfully sing
All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

The breezes sing soft 'mid the thick leaves of June,
E'en the hoarse wintry wind tries to whistle a tune:

So with soft winds and strong winds we'll joyfully
sing

All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

Pleasant songs at his work hums the blithe, busy bee,
And we'll not be less blithe or less busy than he :

So with all busy creatures we'll joyfully sing

All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

Thus God gives a measure of gladness to all,

And a share of His praises to great and to small :

So we who owe most will most thankfully sing,

And our voices, though weak, to His footstool shall
ring.



“ COME AND SEE.”

“ Rabbi, where dwellest Thou?... Come and see.”

JOHN i. 35 to end.



MASTER, where abidest Thou ?

Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek ;

For the wants which press us now

Other aid is all too weak.

Canst Thou take our sins away ?

May we find repose in Thee ?

From the gracious lips to-day,

As of old, breathes, “ Come and see.”

Master, where abidest Thou ?

We would leave the past behind ;

We would scale the mountain's brow,

Learning more Thy heavenly mind.

Still a look is all our lore,

The transforming look to Thee :

From the Living Truth once more

. Breathes the answer, “ Come and see.”

Master, where abidest Thou ?

How shall we thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,

Stamp in love upon our breast ?
Still a look is all our might ;

Looking draws the heart to Thee,
Sends us from the absorbing sight
With the message, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou ?

All the springs of life are low ;
Sin and grief our spirits bow,

And we wait Thy call to go.
From the depths of happy rest,

Where the just abide with Thee ;
From the Voice which makes them blest
Falls the summons, "Come and see."

Christian, tell it to thy brother,

From life's dawning to its end ;
Every hand may clasp another,
And the loneliest bring a friend ;

Till the veil is drawn aside,
And from where her home shall be
Bursts upon the enfranchised Bride
The triumphant "Come and see !"

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

MATT. xiv. 27.



TOSSED with rough winds, and faint
with fear,

Above the tempest soft and clear,

What still small accents greet mine ear?—

"'Tis I; be not afraid.

"'Tis I, who washed thy spirit white;

'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;

'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light:

'Tis I; be not afraid.

"These raging winds, this surging sea,

Have spent their deadly force on Me;

They bear no breath of wrath to Thee;

'Tis I; be not afraid.

"This bitter cup, I drank it first;

To thee, it is no draught accurst;

The hand that gives it thee is pierced :

'Tis I ; be not afraid.

" Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,

Mine arms are underneath thy head,

My blessing is around thee shed :

'Tis I ; be not afraid.

" When on the other side, thy feet

Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,

One well-known voice thy heart shall greet :

'Tis I ; be not afraid."

Clothed with all might and majesty,

Gently He'll lay His hand on thee,

Saying, " Belovèd, lov'st thou Me ?

'Twas not in vain I died for thee ;

'Tis I ; be not afraid."



REST FOR THE HEAVY LADEN.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.



SILENCE in heaven and earth !

The hush of love or fear !

His voice the Highest sendeth forth ;

The still small voice is here.

The world's hoarse murmurs under,

Its loudest din above,

It speaketh not in thunder,

But in words, and the tone is love.

It calls, and a gift it offers ;

To whom are those words addressed ?

"Come, *ye that are heavy laden*,

And I will give you rest."

Ye that have toiled in vain,

Till strength and hope have fled,

And lavished the years that come not again,

For that which is not bread ;

Ye who are toiling now,

Weary in heart and limb,

With a strength each day more low,
And a hope each day more dim ;
Weary in soul and spirit,
Toiling with hearts oppressed :
“Come to Me, all that labour,
And I will give you rest.”

Is guilt unpardoned there
With heavy hand and strong,
The weight in the air of measureless
fear,
Or of hope deferred long ?
The sorrow which freezeth tears
With the force of a sudden blow,
The long, dull pressure of weary years,
Bowing you silently low ?
Many the burdens and hard
Wherewith the heart is pressed :
“Come, *all* that are *heavy* laden,
And I will give you rest.”

The world has many a promise
To beguile the blithe and young ;
But to you the world is honest,—
It has ceased to promise long.
Wealth, pleasures, fame, successes,
The world has store of these ;—

For you it no cure professes,
It offers you no ease.
But Christ has an arm almighty,
And a balm for the faintest breast :
“ Come, ye that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest.”

Would ye fain, among the sleepers,
In dust your tired heads bow ?
The rest He gives is deeper,
And He will give it *now*.
No dull, oblivious sleep,
In the lull of pain repressed,
But all your hearts to steep
In perfect and conscious rest,—
Rest that shall make you strong
To serve among the blest :
“ Come, all that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest.”


The rest of a happy child
Led by the Father on,
Feeling His smile, and reconciled
To all that He has done ;
Of one who can meekly bend
'Neath the yoke of the Lord who
died ;

Of a soldier who knows how the fight will end
With a Leader true and tried ;
The rest of a subject heart,
Of its best desires possessed :
“ Come, ye that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest.”

Rest from sin’s crushing debt,
In the blood which Christ has shed ;
From the pang of vain regret,
In the thought that He has led.
Rest in His perfect love ;
Rest in His tender care ;
Rest in His presence for you above,
In His presence with you here.
Rest in Him slain and risen,
The Lamb, and the Royal Priest :
“ Come, all that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest.”



“MY STRENGTH AND MY HEART
FAILETH.”

N weakness at Thy feet I lie,
Thine eye each pang hath seen ;
Scarce can I lift my heart on high,
Yet, Lord, on Thee I *lean* :

Lean on Thy sure, unfailing word,
Thy gentle “It is I ;”
For Thou, my ever-living Lord,
Know’st what it is to die.

Thou wilt be with me when I go,—
Thy life my life in death ;
For, in the lowest depths, I know
Thine arms are underneath.

’Tis not the infant’s feeble grasp
Which holds the mother fast ;
It is the mother’s gentle clasp
Around her darling cast.

Just so Thy child would cling to Thee,
Knowing Thy pity long ;
For feeble as my faith may be,
The hand I clasp is strong.



GOD IS LOVE.

FREE TRANSLATION OF PSALM XXXVI.

(Ver. 5-11.)



THY mercies link heaven with earth,
Like the clouds, fall and gather again;
They fill all the heavens like light,
They freshen all earth like the rain.

Like the mountains Thy righteousness stands,
From whose stern sides the living stream flows;
Their calm brows look down on the storms,
And the plains in their strong arms repose.

Thy judgments are fathomless depths,
Yet the deepest in blessings abound;
No chaos or darkness is there,—
Love fills what no creature can sound.

But what can compare with Thy love,
So boundless, so costly, so free?

Thy truth and Thy justice are Thine ;
Who speak of Thy love speak of Thee !

It broods like the mother-bird's wing ;
It yearns to fold all to its breast ;
And all who will listen and trust,
And gather beneath it, are blest.

For with Thee is the Fountain of Life,
Thou wilt give us to drink of it soon,
The cold waters fresh from the Rock,
Ever fresh in the glow of Thy noon.

And with Thee is the Eden of bliss ;
Its sunshine no Fall shall eclipse,
Its rivers flow pure from Thy throne,
And Thy hand lifts the draught to our lips.

Thou wilt lead us within Thine abode,
The feast which Thou spreadest to share ;
We shall dwell in Thy house as a home,—
The heart will be satisfied there.

Oh, make our hearts pure to behold,
And light in Thy light we shall see ;
For to gaze and still gaze on Thy love,
O our God, is to gaze upon Thee !

"SUMMER IN THE SOUL."



UTUMN was on the earth

When Summer came to me,
The "Summer in the soul,"
And set the life-springs free.

Darkness was on my life,
A heavy weight of night,
When the Sun arose within,
And filled my heart with light.

Ice lay upon my heart,
Ice-fetters still and strong,
When the living spring gushed forth,
And filled my soul with song.

That Summer shall not fade,
That Sun, it setteth never ;
The Fountain in my heart
Springs full and fresh for ever.

Since I have learned Thy love,
My Summer, Lord, Thou art ;
Summer to me, and Day,
And life-springs in my heart.

Since I have learned Thou Art,
THOU LIVEST, and art Love,
Art Love, and lovest me,—
Fearless I look above !

Thy blood can cleanse from sin,
Thy love casts out my fear ;
Heaven is no longer far,
Since Thou, its Sun, art near.



NEVER FURTHER THAN THY CROSS.



EVER further than Thy Cross !

Never higher than Thy feet !

Here earth's precious things seem dross ;

Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Gazing thus, our sin we see ;

Learn Thy love while gazing thus !

Sin, which laid the Cross on Thee ;

Love, which bore the Cross for us.

Here from pomp and pride retired,

Nothing would we seem or be :

Dust ! yet with Thy life inspired ;

Nothing ! yet beloved of Thee.

Here we learn to serve and give,

And, obedient, self deny ;

Here we gather love to live,

Here we gather faith to die.

Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite ;
Captives by Thy Cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy Cross we fight.


Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts shall tend ;—
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end ;

Fill, amidst the hosts of light,
We, in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy Cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.



THE FOLD AND THE PALACE.

THE FOLD.

 HERE is a fold, once dearly bought,
But opened now to all,
Reaching from regions high as thought,
Low as our race can fall :

Far up among the sunny hills,
Where breaks the earliest day ;
Down where the deepest shadow chills
The wanderer's downward way.

There some have seen a Shepherd stand,
Who guards it day and night ;
Mightier than all, His gentle hand,
His eyes the source of light.

I know, the feeblest that have e'er
Entered those precincts blest
Find everlasting safety there,
Freedom and life and rest.

But I have wandered far astray,
Blinded and wearied sore ;
How can I find the plainest way,
Or reach the nearest door ?

The silence with a voice is fraught—
When did I hear that tone ?—
Awful as thunder, soft as thought,
Familiar as mine own.

“ I am the Door,” those words begin ;
I press towards that voice,
And, ere I know it, am within,
And all within rejoice.

THE PALACE.

There is a Palace vast and bright ;
Athwart the night's cold gloom
Stream its soft music and warm light,—
A Palace, yet a Home.

The guests who are invited there
Are called therein to dwell ;—
“ Laden with sin, oppressed with care,”
The calling suits me well.

They say none ever knocked in vain,
Yet I have often tried,
And scarce have strength to try again,—
Will one, then, be denied?

Again that voice my spirit thrills,
So strange, yet so well known;
Divine, as when it rent the hills,
Yet human as my own.

The golden portals softly melt,
Like clouds around the sun,
And where they stood, and where I knelt,
Behold that matchless One!

He pleads for me, He pleads with me,
He hears ere I can call;
Jesus! my first step is to Thee,
And Thy first gift is *all*!



ON A BAPTISM.

"The waves of this troublesome world."



NEAR the shore the bark lay floating, by the
sunny waves caressed,
With the darling we were watching
cradled in a dreamy rest.

But, borne o'er that heaving ocean, wilder sounds
our gladness check,
Stormy winds and human wailings ;—ah ! that sea
bears many a wreck.

Fear not ! hopes no strength could warrant to the
feeblest faith are given :
Looking forward strains the eyesight,—looking
upward opens heaven.

Deeper than that ocean's tempests, softer than its
murmurs be,
Breathes a Voice, a Voice thou knowest,—“ Trust
thy little one to Me.”

Thou hast brought thy babe to Jesus ; He hath
seen her, He hath blest ;
In His arms thy faith hath laid her, and He bears
her on His breast.

Gently on thy sleeping darling, eyes, the light of
heaven, shine :
Mother, by the love thou knowest, measure His ;—
it passeth thine.



BABY ALICE.



ABY ALICE, Baby Alice,

Is thy soul a beam of light,
That it twinkleth through thy dark eyes
So witching and so bright ?

Our song-bird, and our rosebud,
Our sunshine every day ;
One such flower makes a summer,
One such bird makes a May.

Our fairy-queen of frolic,
Whose smiles are magic treasures ;
Our singing-tree and talking-bird,
Our golden fount of pleasures.

Our rose, our pearl, our dew-drop,
Our dayspring, and our star ;
All sweet names on thee we lavish,
And find thee sweeter far.

What sound can have such music
As thy sudden laughter bright ?
What words can have such meaning
As thy murmurs of delight ?


Baby Alice, Baby Alice,
Better than beams of light
Is thy spirit, for it cometh
From the Fountain of all light.

May Christ be with thee, darling,
Hallowing thy youth's glad feast,
Thy cup of life transforming
To a Blessed Eucharist.

He will be with thee, darling,
Guarding from sins and harms ;
For He blessed all they brought to Him,
And we laid thee in His arms.



THE POWER OF LIFE.*

“HE spring is coming apace, mother,
Yet the old leaves will not fall ;
If they do not hasten, the young leaves
Will find no room at all.

“ Shall I shake the beech-tree branches
Like the winds in their autumn play,
Till the dead leaves fall in showers
Together, all in a day ?

“ Shall I climb the boughs where they linger,
And pluck them one by one ;
That the baby leaves may stretch themselves,
And be glad, and feel the sun ?”

“ ’Twere a weary task to pluck them
Thus singly, my child, away ;
’Twould need a stronger hand than thine
To sweep them down in a day.

* Suggested by a Lecture of Professor Owen's.

“ Maybe since thus they linger,
They’ve something left to do ;
Maybe the poor old withered leaves
Still cradle and shelter the new.”

“ But, mother, the world is waiting,
And the birds on every tree :
Will God send a mighty tempest
To set the young leaves free ?”

“ Be patient, my child, be patient,
The old Earth knows her way ;
And the Lord of Life is working,
He is working every day.

“ He sent His winds in autumn,
He will send them yet again ;
The winds, and storms, and lightnings,
With the sweeping floods of rain.

“ They are safe in His hands, the tempests,
In His, but not in ours ;
No hand may wield the lightnings,
But the hand that folds the flowers.

“ He is Lord of the winds and thunders,
But has stronger powers than they ;

“ And the Lord of Life is working,
He is working every day.

“ Last year the tiny leaf-bud
Peeped from the old leaf’s stalk,
And all through the noisy winter
It heard the wild winds talk.

“ It heard them fiercely boasting
How they swept the dead away ;—
But it only kept growing, growing ;
It could wait, it was stronger than they.

“ For the power of life was stirring
That shielding sheath within,
Growing, silently growing,
Through all the storm and din.

“ Till now one fair spring morning,
When the sunbeams all awake,
They will touch it, will softly kiss it,
And its last slight fetters break.

“ The old leaf will fall, and the leaf-sheath,
The young leaf spread glad and green,
And gaze on the sun in his beauty,
Without a veil between.

“ For the Lord of Life is working,
And His strongest force is life ;
Ever with Death it wageth
Silent, victorious strife.

“ Ever with Death it weaveth
The warp and woof of the world ;
The nights when the forces are gathered,
The dawns with their banners unfurled.

“ And Truth is stronger than Falsehood,
And needs but an open field ;
And Love is stronger than Hatred,
And Love will never yield.

“ For God is Love, and He liveth,
And life is His living breath,
And one breath of life is stronger
Than all the hosts of Death.

“ Yes ; God is Love, and He liveth,
And life is His living breath ;
And the pulses of life gain vigour
’Neath the shroud and the sleep of death.”



THE STILL WATERS OF THE VALLEY.



THEIR Source is on the mountains,
 The Streams of which we drink ;
 But we must tread the valleys,
 If we would reach their brink.
 Their Source is on the mountains,
 Higher than feet can go ;
 Yet human lips but touch them
 In the valleys, still and low.

Beyond the fields and forests,
 Beyond the homes of men,
 Beyond the wild-goat's refuge,
 Beyond the eagle's ken,—
 Beyond the oldest glaciers,
 Beyond the loftiest snows,
 Beyond the furthest summit
 Where earliest morning glows,—

Still climbing, ever climbing,
 To reach the Streams we love,

Their music ever with us,
 Their Source is still above,—
Beyond heaven's heights of glory,
 As beyond earth's heights of snow,—
Yet can our lips but taste them
 In the valleys, still and low.

Once, when the heavenly voices
 Seemed to call me on their track,
I wondered why some hindrance
 Still drew my footsteps back ;
Some feeble steps to succour,
 Some childish feet to lead,
Some wandering lambs to gather,
 Some hungered ones to feed ;

Some call of lowly duty,
 With low, resistless tone ;
Some weight of others' burdens,
 Some burden of my own.
But now, though heavenly voices
 Still bid my spirit soar,
While my feet tread lowly places,
 I wonder thus no more.

Their Source is on the mountains,
 The Streams of which we drink ;

But only in the valleys
Our lips can reach their brink.
Our hearts are on the mountains,
Whither our feet shall go ;
But our path is in the valleys,
Where the still waters flow.

Christmas Eve 1866.



“HITHER TO ME!” *



KING of men, when thousands thronging,
Gathered to Thee;
The thousand streams in one stream
meeting—

The thousand hearts with one throb beating,
Hanging on Thee,† hanging on Thee;

No pomp of state that crowd repelling,
All pressed to Thee!
Thou royally the throng addressing,
Divinely calledst each to blessing,
“Hither to Me! hither to Me!”

“With labour worn and heavy laden,
Hither to Me!
The hardest yoke is easy near Me,
With Me is rest for all the weary,
Hither to Me! hither to Me!”

* To a Melody of Mendelssohn's.

† Luke xix. 48, *v. margin.*

Royal command and God-like promise—

"Hither to Me!"

O words whose links death cannot sever!

O balm for all life's ills for ever!—

"Hither to Me! hither to Me!"

Through nights of sorrow falling softly—

"Hither to Me!"

Earth's thousand noises piercing keenly,

O'er wildest storms they float serenely—

"Hither to Me! hither to Me!"

We hear them still, we hear them ever—

"Hither to Me!"

We hear them daily clearer, dearer,

Drawing us ever higher, nearer—

"Hither to Me! hither to Me!"

March 1863.



HOLIEST NIGHT! *



HOLIEST night! happiest night!

Midnight is bright as with noon-day light;
Angels find their heaven on earth,
Hailing with hymns the marvellous birth,
The Babe, the Redeemer is near.

Stormy night! perilous night!
Winds and waves with the frail bark fight;
Over the waves walks a human form,
Human accents arrest the storm—
The Saviour, the Master is here.

Radiant night! glorious night!
Shrined in the cloud on the mountain height,
His raiment as sunshine, his face as the sun,
Prophets adoring, and glory begun—
Jesus transfigured is here!

Dreariest night! deadliest night!
Midnight falls on the noon-day light;

* To the melody of a Tyrolese Christmas Hymn.

Night on the noon, and earthquake, and strife,
Death on the heart whence the worlds draw life—
Jesus in anguish is here !

Lingering night ! vanishing night !
Watch and pray till the morn dawns bright ;
Singing and shining, in vigil stand—
“ The night is far spent, the day is at hand ”—
Jesus the Day-star is near !



“WHAT THOU WILT, O MY FATHER,
AND WHEN.”



AID the roses, long drooping with drought,
Now shaken like snow from the tree,
By the gusts of the boisterous winds
That had learned their rough play on the sea :

“O winds, we are delicate flowers,
Queenly flowers ! touch us gently, we pray ;
For these light flakes ye scatter in jest
Do not gather again, like the spray.

“The waves break and gather, but we
Once broken, arise not again.”
But the winds frolicked wildly, and said,
“Never fear ! we are bringing the rain.”

Said the corn, bending low as they passed,
“Take heed where your revels ye keep ;
Ye are treading the fair fruitful Earth,
Not the salt barren wastes of the deep.”

But the winds laughed and swept on their way,
And said, “Children, never complain;
We are friends of your mother, the Earth,—
She has cried, and we bring her the rain.”

Said the sick child, in feverish unrest,
While the winds made rough riot about,
Whistling wildly where holes let them in,
Storming fiercely where walls kept them out:

“O winds, stop your gambols awhile,
Ye have frolicked and shouted all day;
Let me sleep, let me sleep in the night,—
Will ye never be tired of your play?”

Then the winds softly sighed, as they said,
“Dost *thou* too mistake and complain?
For thee we were sent o’er the sea,
For thee we are bringing the rain.”

But the roses still trembled and drooped,
And the sick child still murmured and wept,
Till a sultry calm fell on the land,
And the hushed winds all heavily slept.

Then the roses drooped lifeless and pale,
And the shrivelled corn parched as it grew,

And the sick child with burning lips sighed,
Tossing sleepless the sultry night through.

“Oh, why did I murmur and moan ?
God sent His kind winds o’er the sea ;
He sent them to bring us the rain,
They came for the earth and for me.

“God sent His kind winds o’er the sea,
And I murmured and moaned them away ;
Come again ! I would welcome you now,
Be your voices as rough as they may !”

Then the winds rose and cheerily sang,
“Fear not ; He who sent, sends us still :
Your murmurs have marred your content,
But check not His merciful will.

“We come ; He who sent us is good,
To your moans He gave sorrowful heed ;
Yet paused not one hour in His care
To provide you the help that you need.

“Now all things are ready, we come,
We come on his errands again ;
His fountains are full, and o’erflow,
We have brought, we have brought you the rain !”

Then the showers poured melodiously down,
And the rose-tree drank deep to the roots,
And the parched Earth looked up and was glad,
And laughed through her flowers and her fruits.

And the Love that is stronger than all,
Like the showers of the life-giving rain
Sank deep in the heart of the child,
Till the incense of praise rose again.

And flooding her soul to the brim,
Flowed the calm of the angels' "Amen,"
As with clasped hands she prayed ere she slept,
"What Thou wilt, O my Father, and *When*."

July 1865.



TO OUR AMERICAN COUSINS.



ONE people in our early prime,
One in our stormy youth ;
Drinking one stream of human thought,
One spring of heavenly truth ;

One language at our mother's knee,
One in our Saviour's prayer,—
One glorious heritage is ours ;
One future let us share.

The heroes of our days of old
Are yours, not ours alone ;
Your Christian heroes of to-day,
We love them as our own.

There are too many homeless lands,
Far in the wild free West,
To be subdued for God and man,
Replenished and possest ;—

There are too many fallen men,
Far in the ancient East,
To be won back to truth and God,
From cramping bonds released ;—

There is too much good work to do,
And wrong to be undone ;
Too many strongholds from the foe
Yet must be forced and won ;—

That we whom God hath set to be
The vanguard of the fight,
To bear the standard of His truth,
And to defend the right,

Should leave the mission of our race,
So high, and wide, and great,
On petty points of precedence
To wrangle and debate ;—

That blustering words of little men
(With poisonous venom rife),
Who must be angry to be heard,
Should stir us up to strife.

Nay ! side by side in East and West,
In wild or heathen lands,

One prayer upon our hearts and lips,
One Bible in our hands.

One in our earliest home on earth,
One in our heavenly home,
We'll fight the battles of our King,
Until His kingdom come.

March 1862.





MEMORIAL VERSES.





IN MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE CONSORT.

DECEMBER 1861.



ILENTLY springing upward, as grow the
things of God,
His life grew up among us, and cast its
shade abroad ;

Silently, as the sapling grows to the forest oak ;—
As the Temple on the Hill of God, profaned by no
rude stroke.*

Silently, as the sunlight deepens through all the
air,
Till, scarcely thinking whence it comes, we feel it
everywhere ;—

Yet only as he leaves us, we gaze upon the sun,
And as we say, "How beautiful!" he sets, and
day is done.

* A comparison used in the *Times* in reference to the Prince Consort.

Silently pressing onward, as work the men of God,
The lowly path of duty, on the dizzy heights he
trod.—

Gifted with powers which meaner men with fade-
less bays have crowned ;
With a poet's sense of beauty in hue, and form,
and sound ;

Steadfastly, as for life or fame,—yet not for self,
—he wrought ;
But royally for others spent strength, and time,
and thought ;

In guiding other men to fame,—showing what
fame should be,—
Inspiring other men to do, and training them to
see ;

Lightening the heart of genius from the crippling
load of care ;
Making poor men's homes more home-like, and all
men's homes more fair ;

Bringing beauty like the sunshine, into common
things, and small ;
Ennobling toil for working-men, ennobling life for all !

In lowly, self-forgetful works, none but the noblest
do,
Till few among the mighty have left a fame so
true ;

Living a life so meekly great beside an empire's
throne,
That the humblest man among us by it might
mould his own ;

Dying, to bind a nation, as only tears can
bind,
For once, with all its myriad aims, one home, one
heart, one mind ;

Crowned by an empire's sorrow, mourning from
end to end ;
Wept silently in countless homes, as each had lost
a friend.

Thus silently God took him, early ripened in his
prime,
From the echoes and the shadows of these dim
shores of Time ;

To the Song which wakes the echoes, broken here
by din and strife ;

To the Light which casts the shadows, the Light
in whom is life ;

To the Throne for us abandoned once, for the
Cross, and shame, and pain ;

To the One who sits there evermore,—the One
who has been slain ;

To the living, loving Fountain of all great, and
good, and fair,—

To dwell with Him for ever, and be made perfect
there !

And e'en from such a home as his, where all earth's
best was blent,

Can we doubt, when God thus called him, that
willingly he went ?



But for that perfect home his loss has left so
desolate,

And for that woe, made matchless by years of joy
so great,

Thy people would have shed their blood this woe
from thee to keep ;

But now what can thy nation do, our Queen, for
thee but weep !

Yet surely God has balms for pain nothing on
earth can still ;

Love which can soothe its bitterness, Duty its void
to fill.

First folding to One boundless heart of ever-present
Love

The weeping children wandering here, and those at
home above.

Then when the sharp new anguish, now so keen
and quick and strange,

Has sunk into the slow dull pain, the blank that
cannot change,

With the sacred tones of Duty, Love wakes the
heart again ;

“ Life is no empty barren waste, and grief is not in
vain.”

Empty for none ; and least of all, Mother and
Queen, for thee ;

Could tears but tell thee what thou art to us, and
still shalt be !

What it has been to England, through years of
storm and gloom,
To honour in her highest place, for a chair of state,
—a *home* !

Could'st thou but know the healing dew's of honest,
loving tears,
Which flow for thee, from eyes long dried by the
dull weight of cares ;

Or how the love thy life has won through all thy
happy years,
Deepened to tenderest reverence, now soars to
heaven in prayers ;

Oh, would not all the track of life, which seems so
long to grief,
Filled with such service for thy land, even to thee
seem brief ?

January 1862.



THE SHADOW OF DEATH AND "THE
SHADOW OF DYING." *

" 'There are many shadows of death.' There are calamities, bereavements, desolations which, for the moment, sunder you from earth much the same as if you were absent from the body; and fierce diseases which come so near to dissolution that you ask, 'Tell me, my soul, can this be death?' But if these are shadows of death, on the other hand the believer's dissolution is but the shadow of dying. The light of the gospel penetrates far in, and the glory about to be revealed shines clear and bright beyond."—*A Morning by the Lake of Galilee*, by DR. HAMILTON.



W HILST in breathless repose thou art lying,
Thy words still breathe forth living
breath;
To thee but "the shadow of dying,"
On us rests "the shadow of death."

The barrier changed to a portal,
The glory on thee through hath shined;
Thou hast passed from its shadow, immortal,
And left all the shadows behind.

* In memory of the Rev. James Hamilton, D.D.

But on us still the shadow is resting ;
The shadow is all we can see ;
Earth with heavier darkness investing,
By all the sweet light lost with thee ;—

With the mind ever fearlessly moving
To welcome all light from all sides ;
With the heart which by force of its loving
Swept all ice-blocks away in its tides ;

With that lowliness, gentlest, serenest,
Like a glory around thee which shone,
Who could'st stoop to give love to the meanest,
But stoop to seek honour from none ;

With the wide-seeing glance of the sages,
And the glad, simple trust of the child ;—
Spirit radiant as e'er through the ages
Loved to drink of the well undefiled !

We count it thy joy to be taken,
Thou countedst it ours to be left ;
Still earth's sleep with the Glad News to waken,
Nor quite of thy presence bereft.

In one Church Universal abiding
(No narrower Home e'er was thine),

In one God and Father confiding,
One Lord ever human, divine ;

On one Strength, in one service, relying,
-Embreathed by one Spirit's life-breath ;
In the light of Him living whose dying
Has made but a shadow of death.

Monday, November 24, 1867.



THE SCHOOL AND THE HOME.*



WHY do we moan, and wonderingly complain,
And murmur, O mysterious ways of
God !

When the fine gold whence beams His image plain
Is stored within His innermost abode ?

It *were* mysterious if the Master's hand
Lavished its skill some choice work to prepare,
And then, unfinished, cast it on the strand,
To perish incomplete and broken there.

But when the last completing touch is given,
The master-touch that all the rest inspires,
And the rich colours and the gold of heaven,—
Enamelled in the last of many fires,—

Shine forth at length to full perfection wrought,
A vessel meet the Master's House to grace,

* In memory of the Rev. J. D. Burns.

A picture breathing with the Master's thought,
A portrait beaming back the Master's Face;—

What wonder if His treasure thence He take,
Where earthly damps the burnished gold might
dim,
Where careless hands the gracious form might break
—Take to the Father's House, within, with
Him ?

What wonder, when the training of the schools
Has done such work as schools and lessons can;
When through the discipline of tasks and rules
The boy compacts, expands into the man,—

If to the Field the Father bids him come,
Where manhood's earnest standards are unfurled?
Is not the school an exile from the home ?
Is not the school the threshold of a world ?

Who wonders, when the finished gem is borne
Its light upon the sovereign's brow to yield?—
Who would not wonder if the ripened corn
Were left to perish on the harvest-field ?

Yet we who wander o'er the leafless land,
Where golden seas waved musical and fair ;

On us falls heavily, as thus we stand,
The blank and silence of the falling year.

Still at the school, we miss the brother's eye,
Whose working near us made us work our
best,
Whose generous smile still drew our aims on
high,
Whose ripe achievement shamed self-soothing
rest.

We mourn, "O God! we needed him so much!
Here are so many tangling coils to loose,
So many hearts that need the tenderest touch,
So few hands trained like his to finest use!

"And hast Thou thus through blows and fires,"
we sigh,
"And subtlest touches shaped this instrument
For choicest work, only to rest on high?"
But swift the answer smites our discontent:

"This earth is but for learning and for training,
Earth's highest work but such as children do;
The workmen here their priceless skill are gain-
ing,
The true life-work is yonder, out of view."

Lord, we would bow, while faith our grief controls,
And thank Thee for the liberating blow,
Which breaks these chains wherewith we cramp
our souls
To little rounded dreams of life below ;—

Which shows this life doth but our life begin,
Is but *outside*, the porch of the Abode,
And death the going home, the entering in,
The stepping forth on the wide world of God.



IT IS NO DREAM.*



AS it a dream? such gladness with it
bringing,
That life whose dawn with such deep joy
we hailed,—
Those loving baby arms so fondly clinging,—
Those eyes whose smiles so soon in death
were veiled?

Alas! no dream had left such life-long traces,
Such silence as that little voice has left,—
The blank no other presence e'er replaces;
It is no dream which leaves us thus bereft.

It is no dream! Thy spirit dieth never!
That little star through endless time shall
beam;
Heaven shall be brighter for thy light for ever,
And gladder for thy voice. It is no dream!

* To ——— on the death of their only boy.

It is no dream ! By God that gift was given ;
Man may repent his gifts ; God deals not thus.
A new immortal joy is ours in heaven,
And He who gave will give thee back to us.

It is no dream, that Paradise immortal
Where He who bless'd the babes has welcomed
thee :

Fearless the infants pass its solemn portal,
Borne in His arms, His face alone they see.

Yet, Father ! who, for us, in love most tender,
Didst yield to death Thy Son, Thine only Son,
Thou knowest all the cost of such surrender ;
Help us to say with Him, Thy will be done ;

Till looking back, with this our child beside us,
On all the way through which our feet were
brought,

We sing, " It was no dream by which God
tried us—

No dream the weight of glory it has wrought."



"THE ANGELS CARRIED LAZARUS."*



WITH the pomp of the Funeral Train,
They bear him, with measured tread,
And such poor tributes of honour and
love
As mortals render their dead.

But the Immortal Train
He looked for, has passed hence, long,
Cleaving the depths of the silent sky,
To the land of light and song.

No mute and passive form
That escort of Angels bore !
With a spirit awakened to deathless life
To the Lord of life they soar.

We think of the faithful life
Whose age was the crown of its youth,

* In memory of Richard Burdon Sanderson, Esq.

Lowly in service, lofty in aim,
Unflinchingly true to truth.

We think of the glorious crowns
By the faithful servants won,
"Abundant entrance," and rich reward,
And the Master's high "Well done."

He thought of the mercy that saves,
Of the blood that cleanses from sin,
Of the Angels who bore the beggar home,
And the Saviour's welcome in.

In silence they lay him to rest
By the beloved of years :
No welcome comes from that house of death,
No response to the mourner's tears.

But when that Immortal Train
Swept up through the silent night,
What welcomes many, and deep, and glad,
Thrilled through the mansions of light,

Where, together for evermore,
They dwell in the Father's home,
And look on the face of the Lord they served,
And wait till the rest shall come !

ALL LIVE UNTO HIM.*



THY voice is not hushed, darling, though to
me its tones are still,
And have left a silence in my home no
music e'er can fill ;
There is a place within God's world where thou
art heard, my boy,
And thy words are words of praise, and thy tones
are tones of joy.

Thine eyes are not closed, darling, though they are
closed to me,
And half the light is gone with them from all the
sights I see ;
'They have but opened on the day, the day that
needs no rest,
And they shine like happy stars in the heaven of
the bless'd.

* For a friend, on the death of her little boy.

Thy spirit has not passed away, no sleep its vision
shrouds ;

It has but passed into the light, the light beyond
the clouds.

Thou art not lonely, darling, though so lone thou
hast left me,—


Thousands of happy spirits love and rejoice with
thee ;

And He who loved the little ones, and tenderly
caressed,

Has laid thee in His arms, darling, and clasped
thee to His breast.



TO ONE AT REST.

ND needest thou our prayers no more, safe
folded 'mid the bless'd ?

How changed art thou since last we met
to keep the day of rest !

Young with the youth of angels, wise with the
growth of years ;

For we have passed since thou hast gone a week
of many tears,

And thou hast passed a week in heaven, a week
without a sin,

Thy robes made white in Jesus' blood, all glorious
within.

We shall miss thee at a thousand turns along life's
weary track,—

Not a sorrow or a joy, but we shall long to call
thee back ;

Yearn for thy true and gentle heart, long thy
bright smile to see :

For many dear and true are left, but none are
quite like thee !

And evermore to all our life a deeper tone is given,
For a playmate of our childhood has entered into
heaven.

How wise, and great, and glorious, thy gentle soul
has grown,

Loving as thou art loved by God, knowing as thou
art known !

Yet in that world thou carest yet for those thou
lovedst in this ;

The rich man did in torments, and wilt not thou
in bliss ?

For sitting at the Saviour's feet, and gazing in His
face,

Surely thou'lt not unlearn one gentle human grace.
Human, and not angelic, the form He deigns to
wear,

Of Jesus, not of angels, the likeness thou shalt bear.

At rest from all the storms of life, from its night-
watches drear,

From the tumultuous hopes of earth, and from its
aching fear ;

Sacred and sainted now to us is thy familiar name:
High is thy sphere above us now, and yet in this
the same ;
Together do we watch and wait for that long-
promised day,
When the Voice that rends the tombs shall call,
“ Arise, and come away,
My Bride and my Redeemed, winter and night are
past,
And the time of singing and of light has come to
thee at last ;”
When the Family is gathered, and the Father’s
House complete,
And we and thou, beloved, in our Father’s smile
shall meet.



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